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LETTERS

implication denied

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Your May 29 issue has an article entitled "The Time-Life Caper: Brazil's Yankee Network" by Ernest Blum, which contains the following statement: "Late last year, apparently as a result of the Time-Life revelations, the corporate links between Vision, Inc., of New York, and *Visao* were ostensibly severed." This sentence implies that some unlawful or improper connection exists between Vision, Incorporated and *Visao*. This implication is false. Although Vision, Incorporated, pursuant to contract, acts as exclusive sales representative of advertising space in *Visao* in countries other than Brazil. . . . Vision, Incorporated has no direct or indirect interest in Revista Visao Ltda., a wholly Brazilian company which owns *Visao*, maintains no contacts with the editorial staff of *Visao* and does not interfere with or attempt to exercise any direct or indirect control or influence over the editorial policies or content of *Visao* or its orientation or management or over the policies, administration, orientation or management of Revista Visao Ltda. In short, no relationship, other than our position as exclusive sales representative for advertising space in countries other than Brazil—a position wholly proper under Brazilian law and practice—exists between Vision and Revista Visao Ltda. and/or *Visao*. . . .

William E. Barlow, President
Vision, Incorporated

non-play

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: *The New Yorker* refuses to list the play *Mac Bird!* in its so-called "Conscientious Calendar of Goings On About Town." This play has received both kudos and brickbats from very important critics. *Mac Bird!* is a very successful production in the largest theatre off-Broadway. There are also productions in London and San Francisco, with plans to mount it in Boston, Chicago, Washington, Los Angeles and perhaps other places. . . . When censorship occurs in the pages of a previously enlightened publication, McCarthyism is closer at hand than we think. . . .

Robert Bialek

why U Thant withdrew

London

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial statement (*The Nation*, June 19) that "the abrupt withdrawal of the UN forces gave Nasser the opportunity to precipitate the crisis" would appear to be based on the picturesque simile coined by the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Brown, in the House of Commons on May 31, and repeated by the Foreign Minister of Israel, Mr. Eban, to the Assembly on June 20: "It could not be right, when a fire is known to be imminent, to remove the fire brigade." It may be useful, therefore, to take note of what was said by Secretary General U Thant on the latter occasion—after your statement was published—in condign refutation thereof and rebuke of its co-authors, if only to correct a false impression.

U Thant told the Assembly that "unlike the UAR, which had agreed to UN troops forming a buffer on its side of the line, Israel had extended no such cooperation, despite the intent of the General Assembly resolution ten years ago. "*Before receiving and replying to the UAR request for withdrawal of the UN force,* he had raised with the Israeli UN delegate the possibility of stationing elements of the UN force on the Israeli side of the line, and was told that the idea was "completely unacceptable." . . .

(Continued on page 52)

EDITORIALS

Recalcitrant World

The overwhelming influence of the two superpowers over the fate of small nations has been much deplored, not without reason. But from time to time a small nation seizes the opportunity to expose for all to see the limitations on the power of the great. Or, as in the recent inconclusive voting in the UN General Assembly on the Middle East problem, the small nations, though disagreeing among themselves, frustrate the superpowers so painfully that one can almost forgive the latter for their misguided policies.

The prime example of a small nation humiliating a large one is, of course, Vietnam vis-à-vis the United States. True, the cost to the small country is appalling. One has only to consider the ratio of North Vietnamese and Vietcong dead to American and South Vietnamese government losses, yet Americans are being shipped back to the States in coffins at an annual rate of something like 15,000, and the war drags on. Not all the power of the greatest military machine in all history is enough to bring the Vietnamese to their knees. With each week of the excruciating spectacle the prestige of the United States sinks a bit further, and the disgust of men of good will mounts in proportion.

Or take the efforts of the Soviet Union to equip the Arab world for its assault on Israel. The Soviet policy is not on the same level of iniquity as that of the United States in Southeast Asia. The Soviets were at first receptive to the creation of a Jewish state in the Middle East, and their alliance with the Arabs has the excuse of propinquity. But the end result has been abject failure. The Soviets could arm the Arabs but could not give them unity among themselves nor the ability to use modern arms to good effect. The Arabs served their patron quite as badly as the South Vietnamese generals have served the United States.

The Soviet effort to turn defeat into victory in the UN, or at least to mitigate the debacle, is likewise a failure. Kosygin's appeal to the Assembly merely emphasized the Soviet discomfiture; if he had left the speechmaking to Gromyko, the rebuff would have been less embarrassing. Certainly the USSR is a superpower: its performance in World War II, and its nuclear arsenal, can leave no doubt. But its diplomacy does not match its military prowess. The last really brilliant Soviet diplomat was the first foreign minister, Chicherin, who had served the Czar and stayed on for the Bolsheviks.

Even the rightist press, however, cannot turn the Soviet defeat in the Assembly into an American victory. Rallying its Latin American cohorts and anyone else it could pull in, the United States did slightly better than the Soviets, who never received more than 45 votes on any paragraph of its own proposal. The Yugoslav draft,

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which was the only real hope the Soviet bloc had, collected 53 votes, with 46 against and 20 abstentions. The more sensible Latin American draft, which linked Israel's withdrawal to the end of the state of belligerency to which the Arabs cling, was rejected, 57 to 43 with 20 abstentions. This was the motion the United States supported with every diplomatic resource and no doubt implied promises of reward and punishment—and it garnered 4 more votes than the Yugoslav proposal.

Where do these events—in the Middle East, in Vietnam, and at the UN—leave the superpowers? What emerges is that when the two great antagonists pursue their antagonism by all means short of nuclear war, they both lose. In one confrontation the Soviets may come out ahead, in another the United States, but in the end both cover themselves with shame. The great aggressors of the past could at least carve out world empires for themselves, but all the superpowers can achieve is chronic stalemate, with periodic threats of nuclear warfare which may some day turn into the real thing.

This frustrating and dangerous immobility of the superpowers paralyzes the UN, but it would be a foolish exaggeration to say that the world organization has become useless. It did provide a means of ending the fighting at least some days sooner than would otherwise have been possible. The UN role was much like that of the referee in a prize fight where one man is decisively defeated and should be spared further punishment. Had it not been for the UN, the Israeli armies would probably be in Amman, Damascus and Cairo. Second, the UN has provided a forum for debate in which the issues were clarified for everyone who cared to listen. The fatal weakness of the Arab case was that the leaders in Damascus and Cairo had vowed to drive Israel into the sea, and still will not give up their stand of perpetual belligerency. Some of Abba Eban's arguments were as specious as those of any other foreign minister, but the essential reasonableness of the Israeli position emerged from the debates. Before there was a United Nations (and the earlier League of Nations), humanity had no such instrument of elucidation. The UN is the creation of nations trying desperately, and with no assurance of success, to avert nuclear extermination by discussion and diplomacy.

It will never be more than that as long as the world is divided into three camps—the American, the Soviet, and those who occupy a precarious position in between. The UN can play a larger role, and the world can breathe more easily, only when the superpowers decide to cooperate, for the most part, instead of remaining frozen in antagonism. This was shown in the Glassboro meetings. Little enough was accomplished, as far as the world was told, in the Johnson-Kosygin confrontations, but the mere fact that they came together to talk inspired hope —not least among the American people. It was a slight indication of what could be accomplished if the superpowers would cease their posturing and engage in a constructive dialogue.

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Was This Violence Necessary?

Los Angeles

The scene on June 23 was pure Hollywood, and the action occurred appropriately on the old Twentieth Century Fox movie lot, whose vast acreage is now the setting for Century City, the biggest planned complex of luxury office buildings, shopping centers and apartment houses in America. The backdrop was the crescent-shaped, block-long Century Plaza Hotel, where deep inside, the President of the United States dined with 1,000 guests at a $500-a-plate political fund-raising dinner.

On the parkway facing the crowd of spectators were a tangle of TV cameras and clots of news reporters. Uniformed, white-helmeted police, 1,300 of them, were everywhere—on foot and roaring about on motorcycles and in siren-screaming squad cars. Early in the day, they had cordoned off a four-block area surrounding the hotel. Plain-clothes police mingled with the crowd, relaying information to various police "command posts."

The parade of demonstrators against the war in Vietnam, which had assembled in a park playground a few blocks away, started to empty slowly into the Century Plaza area about 7:30 P.M. Instead of moving past the hotel, the leading contingent stopped, and thousands of marchers, following behind, gradually filled half the six-lane avenue for two and a half blocks. The police parade permit, and a quickie court injunction issued only hours earlier, had required the parade not to pause at the hotel, but it was highly doubtful that most of the marchers were aware of this stipulation. Parade monitors urged people to keep moving, but their instructions could not be widely heard in the hubbub.

At this point, the atmosphere was reminiscent of a Hollywood première, except for a small forest of picket signs, a few comparing President Johnson to Hitler. More typical were those reading, "War is unhealthy for children and other living things." Families with young children, some pushed in prams, were sprinkled through the crowd, predominantly middle class and white.

As the jolly black-tie banquet got under way, a police captain outside stepped up to a loud-speaker system and ordered the crowd to disperse. Parade monitors tried, as they had before, to move the demonstrators along, but there was no perceptible movement. Afterward, many paraders insisted they had heard no warning.

Thirty minutes passed, and then it was lights, camera, action, as though the scene had been thoroughly rehearsed. A solid phalanx of police suddenly advanced into the mass of people, swinging night sticks as they reached the front lines, and turning a large part of the crowd back upon itself in panic. What had been an orderly gathering turned into a stampede of frightened thousands. Motorcycle police drove a wedge into the center of the crowd, and officers on foot swarmed in to widen the gap and cut the demonstration in two. An officer of the American Civil Liberties Union who was on the march said: "For the police, it was a safari. They were bottling people up and beating them. A dispersal could have been made without trouble." His report could have been biased —he had been struck on the head by a police club.

Was the police action necessary? One of the demonstration leaders put part of the blame on the "relative inexperience" of the organizers. "Our parade permit was totally inadequate, but we didn't realize that," he said. "We knew that some of the demonstrators planned to sit down, but we thought the parade would move around them, and they would be subject to arrest. We were not prepared for an attack by the police." In the planning stage of the protest, wacky talk was heard of turning mice into the banquet room or setting off stink bombs in the hotel. It was evident that some of the people involved, especially the college youngsters, had no understanding of the tension that surrounds a visit of the President during a protest demonstration. They acted as though they had never heard of November 22, 1963, and Dallas. But prior to the rush of the police against the crowd, there was no reported act of overt hostility directed against them or any move to approach the hotel.

Chief of Police Tom Reddin said he ordered the dispersal solely for the "safety of the President of the United States during an extremely dangerous situation." C.B.S. News suggested another reason by reporting rumors that the President had made it clear he did not want an unfriendly crowd near the hotel. It was hinted that the Secret Service passed the word on to the police. If this is true, it may pose an interesting problem of crowd control in next year's Presidential election.

Chief Reddin, as he deserted his "command post" and came into the street to congratulate his forces, said, "I think the message is out. Our city is not going to give in to lawbreakers." As to the identity of the lawbreakers, the American Civil Liberties Union offered a different view: "What is clear beyond a shadow of a doubt is that the brutal conduct of the police in their method of dispersing the alleged 'illegal assembly' was unwarranted, unlawful, and a complete violation of the basic liberties guaranteed by the Constitution."

Hot Summers and Short Tempers

The long hot summer, now at its zenith, has had only one accepted meaning in the American lexicon of politics. It is the time when disaffected Negroes take to the streets to burn and loot. It is the time when the police, and the National Guard when necessary, stand between the pillars of society and the ghetto rabble, which shows no gratitude for the goodies showered on it by Welfare and the Great Society. Further, according to the "right thinkers" of the middle class, law and order would not be thus flouted were it not for "outside agitators" who incite the no-good Negro poor to riot. (The most energetic of these rabble rousers is, of course, Stokely Carmichael

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 31, August 14 and August 28.

who, thanks to air travel, may pop up anywhere at any time to disturb the peace.)

Sentiment in Congress to deal with this menace has been mounting to such a pitch that nearly 100 anti-riot bills have backed up in the House Judiciary Committee, where Chairman Emanuel Celler stuck his hand in the dike to keep them from getting to the floor. However, after foretastes of the summer heat in Atlanta, Tampa, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Boston and other cities, Mr. Celler had to yield to the clamor. William C. Colmer of Mississippi, Chairman of the House Rules Committee, will bring out a bill if Celler doesn't—and without a Celler amendment to protect Negroes and other minority groups.

The prospect is, then, for a bill that will make it a federal crime to cross state lines with intent to "incite, organize, promote or encourage" a riot. The penalties would be fines up to $10,000, or prison terms of up to five years, or both.

If all goes according to plan, the House will repeat its performance in passing the flag-burning bill by a vote of 385 to 16. For many Congressmen the twin occasions for parliamentary passion are Negro agitators and flag burners, and in addressing their constituents they frequently link the two as manifestations of a single Communist plot. When the flag-desecration bill was up for consideration, Rep. Walter S. Baring (D., Nev.) called the flag burners "dirty, long-haired, Communist-led beatniks." Respect for Old Glory was upheld by another Southern Democrat, James A. Haley of Florida, who proposed taking the miscreants 200 miles out in the ocean and sinking them with the anchor around their necks. "Let's deal with these buzzards!" cried L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina. It is safe to predict that they will be equally impassioned in dealing with anyone who urges the Negro to consider his grievances, and that they will be joined by the guardians of law and order from the North.

Of course there is always protection for the dissatisfied and dissenting from the staunch exponent of freedom of expression in the White House. But they had better not rely too much on support from that quarter, for there are signs that the long hot summer is fraying the Presidential nerves as well. Samuel Sharkey, Jr., of the *Birmingham News* Washington staff, reports that at a meeting between Mr. Johnson and the AFL-CIO Building and Construction Trades Council, the President complained of peace pickets in front of the White House. "It's difficult now getting to the front gate without the dogs barking," said the great defender of dissent. In a barely audible aside he added, "I'm tired of them." Let the agitators and peaceniks take heed.

Ghost Vote

A new way to pervert the democratic process has been devised, or at any rate has just come to public notice. Elegant in its simplicity, it is essentially ballot-box stuffing on a grand and public scale, requiring no more than infinite gall on the part of the perpetrator. Students of political science—and political chicanery—have Rep. George P. Miller, a California Democrat, to thank for it.

On the floor of the House late in June during a debate on the space agency's budget, Miller falsified a teller vote in full view of his colleagues and of reporters in the press gallery. Perhaps this has been done many times before; perhaps not. This time, however, someone who saw it reported it in a newspaper the following day.

Miller, chairman of the House Space Committee, was defending the NASA budget bill from an amendment which would require the agency to pay some attention to rudimentary safety precautions. The amendment was offered by Rep. Donald Rumsfeld, an Illinois Republican who serves on Miller's committee.

A teller vote was called for. This is an evasive parliamentary trick used to poll the House without placing individual members on the record; who, after all, wishes to be recorded as voting against safety for the astronauts?

Under House rules, Rumsfeld and Miller were appointed tellers. First those in favor trooped up the aisle between the two tellers as Rumsfeld counted and Miller watched (along with other witnesses on the floor and in the gallery). Rumsfeld was seen to count 88 members, and duly reported 88 ayes to the chair. Then came Miller's turn. A press gallery observer counted 77 members as passing up the aisle, but Miller announced the count as 101. He was not challenged, and this artifice gave him the decision even though he lacked the actual votes.

Rumsfeld was asked later if he had noticed the discrepancy. "Of course I did," he replied, "but what should I have done, call him a liar?" The answer is, obviously, yes, but that is not how the game is played in Congress. There has never been a challenge to a teller vote, according to House Parliamentarian Lewis Deschler.

Apparently a "gentlemen's agreement" operates in such cases, making it difficult for the citizens to be properly represented by their Congressmen. This time, however, honesty won out—the same amendment came up again as part of a package and won handily on a roll-call vote.

The Negro and Vietnam

Since Martin Luther King's assumption of leadership in a joint peace-civil rights movement, he has been singled out for a barrage of attacks, some snide, some vicious. The more virulent of these assaults, however, usually contain a mitigating clause: namely, that King is not quite as detestable as McKissick and Carmichael and those other fiends who describe Vietnam as a "war of color," a "race war" and the like. Granting the courage and dedication

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of the leaders of this wing, one may feel that their rhetoric is a net contribution to the cause of those who oppose them. Seldom in history has flamboyant and careless exhortation advanced a good cause. If by a war of race is meant that we are in Vietnam because the Vietnamese (or the Chinese) have a different skin color, the charge falls of its own weight. General Maxwell Taylor is quite plausible when he says that we would fight "the fairest of the fair" if we thought they were "betraying" us by inaugurating a revolution of a type we did not approve.

The real question is this: does the American Negro have good reason to feel that he is being victimized in this war? Rep. Augustus Hawkins of Southern California, himself a Negro, has done some research on the subject (*Congressional Record—House*, April 18, p. 4283). Summarized, his findings are:

(*1*) The present draft boards are with few exceptions "small independent kingdoms" heavily weighted in favor of age, white skin and service in past wars. They operate with practically unfettered power and, as others than Mr. Hawkins have observed, with the utmost caprice and non-uniformity.

(*2*) Because of educational discrimination and other disadvantages, only about half of the Negroes in the preferred age group qualify for service, whereas three-quarters of the white youth are acceptable. But in the qualifying groups, only 5 per cent of the Negroes can obtain deferment as college students, whereas 95 per cent of the whites are so deferred. The result is an induction rate for Negroes about twice as high as for eligible whites.

Some time back, Mr. Johnson, "surprised" by suggestions that color might be a factor in the draft, asked the state governors to give him examples of discrimination. He reported, proudly, that he had received only one such case. But the point, amply documented in the Hawkins report, is that discrimination is so massive, so institutionalized, that individual complaints are really not relevant.

Those who prefer white testimony on this point can find complete corroboration in *The Economist*, April 15, p. 255. One out of every 11 American men between the ages of 19 and 29 is a Negro, but 2 out of every 11 of the Army's enlisted men killed in Vietnam up to the end of 1966 were Negroes. *The Economist*'s U.S. correspondent goes on to point out that despite the discrimination which remains, and the chance of being killed, military service is a refuge for many Negroes—their only escape from city slums or rural sharecropping. It offers three meals a day, clothing, medical care, a little spending money, and some fringe benefits—particularly the prestige of soldiering. Some whites regard this reconciliation of some Negroes with the military services as progress, but in reality it is the most damning indictment of all. To compound the irony, Dr. King will find it difficult to get Negroes to follow the banner he has raised because many are so desperate that they are willing to fight—and to re-enlist—in considerable numbers. Of all the careers available to most Negroes, the Army is one of the few offering a measure of immediate improvement.

Yet, in the long run, McKissick and Carmichael may prove to be prophets in some peripheral sense. John Lewis of *The Washington Post*, after interviewing a substantial number of Negro troops in Vietnam, found that they did not feel they were being exploited, but "they did hold strong views on their rights to equal treatment when they got back home." [See "The Negro in Vietnam" by Karl H. Purnell, *The Nation*, July 3.] They were lining up on "the more activist side" of nonviolence, and some sounded ready to use violence if necessary. The powers that be had better not toss their hats in the air at the present moderation of the mass of Negroes.

HATFIELD: THE OREGON ENIGMA

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Mark O. Hatfield, 45, former Governor of Oregon and since January the junior Senator from that state (Wayne Morse is the senior Senator), has for seven years been regularly mentioned as a possible Vice Presidential candidate on the Republican ticket. Among national strategists for the GOP he is chiefly valued—like Charles Percy and John Lindsay—as an available balance to a ticket that might be headed by a candidate such as Nixon or Reagan. Nobody, least of all Hatfield, expects the leaders to see him as possessing more ponderous potentialities before 1972, in which year he will still be young enough to sprint to the platform to make his acceptance speech.

The Republican National Headquarters likes to describe Hatfield as one of the "fresh new faces," although there is really nothing new about him. He has been in politics—sometimes peering over the edge of national politics—since 1950. He nominated Nixon in 1960; he returned to the GOP convention four years later to deliver the keynote address, which he couched in such reasonable and moderate terms that the Goldwater galleries considered him an intruder. Over the years, operating out of a state that made no great demands on his talents, Hatfield got around the nation enough to cultivate an image which *The Saturday Evening Post* caught in the title "Oregon's Golden Boy." In a party led mostly by men of pewter it was not hard to seem so.

Hatfield progressed smoothly upward from the Oregon House (four years), into the state Senate (two years),

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briefly into the secretary of state's office (two years), then becoming Governor in 1958 at the age of 36, the youngest Oregonian ever to get there. He served in that office until, without missing a government payday, he moved last January into the U.S. Senate, where his national reputation to date hangs from two shining hooks: he is the GOP's most outspoken advocate of a halt to bombing of North Vietnam, of giving the problem to the United Nations, of turning Asia back to the Asians; and he is an eloquent challenger of that "tyranny in our midst" which President Johnson has created by "redefining our Constitution to deny us our liberty."

With these stands he has stirred much warmth among Democrats who value sanity over partisanship. Senators Lee Metcalf and Morse are two who have said they would vote Republican in 1968 if Hatfield were the party's Presidential candidate. This kind of discontent in the other party prompts Hatfield to predict "a greater hope for the GOP next year than in 1964 or 1966, greater also than in 1960. One of the basic reasons is that in the history of U.S. political systems, the outs have depended on the weakening of the majority party rather than on the strengthening of the minority party. Of course, you've got to do more than wait for their decline. You have to come up with something. To me, it's an opportunity to espouse alternatives."

There is not yet anything that could be called a ground swell in his support, but each day he gets twenty to thirty requests to make speeches, and although his appeal seems greatest among university and church organizations he has in the last couple of months addressed groups as various as a General Electric Co. seminar, the National Manufacturers Association, the Daughters of the American Colonists, the Young Republican Club of Princeton, the Ripon Society, the National Agriculture and Marketing Conference, the New York City Young Republicans (to receive their annual War Memorial Award), the University of California student body, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Southern Baptist Convention in Miami and the Yale Political Union. The Harvard Young Republicans, who a few days earlier had received Governor Romney very coolly, gave Hatfield a two-minute standing ovation.

His impact on these groups has no point in common with the craggy cerebralism of Paul Douglas or the steerage animalism of Lyndon Johnson; he strikes instead with the cock-sure decencies of a Calvinistic Republican who has never lost an election in a Democratic state.

Hatfield is a trim 6-footer with brown hair, pale green eyes and the kind of scrubbed, perfectly balanced features that recommend him to Oregon women's groups; his grooming is fastidious almost to the point of being flashy. Some of his advisers wished he would dress a bit more like one of the boys when he campaigned in the lumber camps of Oregon, but Hatfield stuck to his dapper green corduroy suit and refused to rough it. He is not athletic. He went out for rugby at Stanford University, but he is better at playing the clarinet. He is a good gardener and an expert canner of pickles. His father was a blacksmith and his mother a schoolteacher, and Hatfield has *not*, since leaving home, attained story-book riches; when he left college teaching to enter politics it meant a step up in pay.

Still—despite the fact that his career, like his looks, seems to have been programed through some All-American IBM machine—there is a primitive excitement about his presence in Washington, as there always is when a talented fellow climbs out of the restricting furrows of state politics and onto the rich alluvial plain of national affairs, there to discover himself and what he can do.

Nothing marks his new freedom better than his campaign for the Senate. His opponent was Rep. Robert Duncan, a tousled-haired, outgoing Scotsman, a beer-drinking, snuff-dipping ex-gold-miner and, above everything else, a partisan of LBJ's war in Southeast Asia. Duncan is, in short, just the opposite of Hatfield. In defeating Duncan, Hatfield freed himself, at least momentarily, from most of the parochial criticism that has dragged upon his career for seventeen years—that he is too handsome, too pious, too slippery on issues, and too peaceful.

Except for the complaints about Hatfield's philosophical elusiveness—which have some substance, and to which I shall return in a moment—these are plainly the gripes of the outs who cannot think of much to damn a man for except that he is in. The best expression of that group that I have heard was made by a Washington-based Oregonian: "I think he's basically a fink. But you can't get up on a political stand and say vote against him because he's a fink. You've got to say he's screwed us here or there—and he hasn't."

Opposition of that sort is worth buying, but Hatfield gets it free—an example of the superb luck that has always followed him. Slander and tough attacks on him have a way of boomeranging in the most spectacular fashion. In 1952 Hatfield, with the help of then Gov. Douglas McKay, was named to the GOP national platform committee instead of Senator Morse. It was partly pique at this rebuff that prompted Morse to switch to the Democratic Party. Free of Morse's pushy personality, Hatfield was thus nicely positioned to become the outstanding Republican in the state.

But the victory had a heavy price: a feud with Morse which came to a climax six years later when Hatfield was campaigning for governor.

In 1956, Morse had been challenged for re-election by McKay who, as Eisenhower's Secretary of the Interior, led the giveaway of the Hells Canyon power project. Morse was the leader of the opposition. Ike, hoping to get rid of this irritant, sent McKay home to run against him. Morse slaughtered McKay. Now, in 1958, Morse was restless to complete his revenge for the embarrassment of 1952. He would do anything to defeat Hatfield.

The contest for governor was tight. The incumbent, Robert D. Holmes, was a popular Democrat who had been elected in 1956 to fill an unexpired term. That same year Hatfield had been elected secretary of state, the only Republican candidate for an Oregon state office to survive a Democratic sweep. Going down to the general election in 1958, it was impossible to tell who was ahead, but many newspaper reporters felt they could detect a wafer-thin lead for Holmes.

Five days before the balloting, Morse decided to play

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rough. He had two smears to choose between at the bottom of the Democratic grab bag. One was a morals rumor, completely unfounded, similar to the notorious one used ten years earlier to defeat Homer Rainey in his campaign for the governorship of Texas. The other was an old tragedy in Hatfield's life; eighteen years earlier a child had darted into the path of a car driven by Hatfield, and was killed. A civil suit jury awarded the parents $5,000.

Democratic strategists had decided against using either story, but Morse broke their plans, stirred up tales of the car accident, and publicly accused Hatfield of lying to the jury. It was the best thing that could have happened to Hatfield. Former Gov. Charles Sprague, Oregon's Republican elder statesman, had earlier said that his newspaper, *The Salem Statesman,* would support neither Holmes nor Hatfield. But after Morse's blunder, Sprague called for Hatfield's election because of "this foul eleventh-hour attack." Even the attorneys for the slain child's parents put in a good word for Hatfield. Thousands of others felt the same. The switchboards at the Portland newspapers were flooded with anti-Morse protests. Leading Democrats tried to repair the damage by dissociating themselves from Morse's revelation, but there wasn't time. Although the Democrats had a registration edge of 52,000 voters, Hatfield won by 60,000. (To help grease any possible switch of this kind, Hatfield had left the word "Republican" off his billboards.)

Within a year after this painful encounter, the feud was over and Hatfield and Morse moved into a smooth alliance, establishing a Washington-Salem axis for squeezing Corps of Engineers and Bureau of Reclamation projects out of the federal government. Their chumminess in economic matters has now been strengthened by their common opposition to the Vietnamese War. Morse voted for Hatfield last year and he, in turn, is expected to help Morse next year if Morse needs it, which he probably won't.

The striking Hatfield luck bobbed to the surface again last year in his race against Duncan. With encouragement from the Johnson Administration, Duncan flew into the campaign as the most belligerent sort of hawk. When Hatfield brought other issues into the race Duncan tried to block him, saying, "The war is the issue. There are no clear-cut state issues between us." Sometimes Duncan referred to the race as a "referendum on the war." Encouraged by his easy primary victory over Howard Morgan, a peace candidate backed by Morse, and whipped along by his own rhetoric, Duncan indulged in extravagances. The war was merely a choice of fighting on the Mekong Delta or at the mouth of the Columbia River, he said. To hear Duncan talk, the enemy was Communist China, which was about to launch a massive armada of junks against the West Coast of the United States. He suggested with little subtlety that a vote for Hatfield was a vote for Mao. "Hanoi and Peking are watching the elections very closely — particularly the one here in Oregon—to see if the American people will support the [Administration's] policy of resistance to Communist aggression."

Oregonians are a somewhat independent people who enjoy mavericks (witness their tolerance of the senior Senator) and resist being coerced by superpatriotic propaganda, but it began to seem that Duncan was moving ahead of Hatfield, despite the fact that Hatfield was far better known in the state and was buoyed up by a much larger campaign budget. Then two key factors turned in Hatfield's favor. First, bank interest rates began to soar, causing a cutback of the nation's building industry, followed quickly by a cave-in of the Oregon lumber industry. But Duncan, who by this time was locked in to defending everything that was happening under the Johnson Administration, went about the state claiming that all was well. He succeeded only in irritating everyone.

Second, President Johnson announced that he would hold a conference among friendly Pacific powers in Manila to discuss ways to improve the situation in Vietnam. Hatfield, a genius at hooking others into an appearance of supporting his position, immediately praised Johnson for coming over to his way of seeing negotiation as the way out. The President, not he, had changed, said Hatfield; but he was ready to be big about it and call for the prayers of all Americans so that "he can be the kind of leader we saw in Dwight Eisenhower in 1952." Then Vice President Humphrey came to Oregon to put in a good word for Duncan, but while there announced: "We are prepared to see the National Liberation Front represented in peace negotiations." Hatfield also called this support for his own position; and then on November 4, just before the election, he added UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg to his stable of "supporters," giving the impression that Goldberg's conciliatory remarks in the UN were prompted by Hatfield's call for peace. By the time Hatfield got through claiming credit and support, he had thoroughly integrated doves and hawks, and had left Duncan seeming to stand alone as a global brawler. It may not have been exactly an accurate juggling, but it seemed to work. *The Oregonian,* the state's largest paper, called Hatfield "the responsible voice of dissent as contrasted to the irresponsible rant and cant of Senator Morse."

(Duncan, who admits today that it was a fatal mistake to limit his campaign to one issue and to seem so closely allied with Johnson, will not make that mistake next year if he runs against Morse.)

Although Hatfield was the first Oregon governor of modern times to win re-election, this does not mean his administration (1959-66) was especially sparkling. There was never a hint of scandal, but neither were there many heart-lifting activities. He cannot be blamed for that because Oregon is a difficult state in which to make an outstanding record. The governor has virtually no patronage to use in forcing his program, and there is little party discipline. The state's economic structure also inhibits creativity. Half the land is owned by the federal government; the other half is taken up by industries of the soil. The economy and life of Oregon revolve around one crop — lumber — and that tends to give the state's administrators a rather narrow vision. "When the timber industry is prosperous," Hatfield explains fatalistically, "we are all prosperous, and when the timber industry is in a slump, we are all in a slump."

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Discontented with these strictures, Hatfield spent much of his time trying to recruit hardware industry for the state. His efforts yielded several electronics plants, and one notable bust. He leased 100,000 acres to Boeing on "steal" terms and the corporation talked big about building there in a style to rival its mammoth facilities in Washington, but so far nothing has been done.

Hatfield is mainly remembered as governor for two things. First, he taught the fat cats of Portland that a politician could get along without much help from them. After their unsuccessful spending spree in 1956 to elect McKay and defeat Morse, the big-money families of Portland grew stingy. This forced Hatfield, starting in 1958, to become the first major Oregon politician with a really broad-based campaign income. It also gave him unique independence. The second thing Hatfield is remembered for is a Herbert Hoover-like regard for economy (he has had several minor idols in his life, including James Farley and Wendell Willkie, but Hoover is his all-time hero). With Hatfield, economy often comes heavily veined with moralisms. Poor people should be helped, but they should work for their supper, and to this end his administration hired an ex-Scotland Yard man to see that there were no dead beats on the welfare rolls. Adult males who were judged eligible for welfare were put to work cleaning up state property. Likewise, sinners should not be allowed to repeat their sins, if they are costly. In 1960, Hatfield wrote the chairman of the Oregon Public Welfare Commission that one way to discourage abuse of the welfare programs would be to sterilize unwed mothers.

A number of Hatfield's political shifts seem to be traceable to his deep religiosity. When the state needed more money, he proposed heavy new taxes on cigarettes and beer. He was once so hearty a supporter of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller that he was sometimes called "Rockefeller's agent in the West." But after Rockefeller's divorce, many observers thought they detected in Hatfield a sudden and chilly distaste for his old ally.

This religious side is welcomed by Oregonians. Where there is an excuse for religion to be added to politics, they are as eager as Southerners to let it in so that they can then squabble over it. In 1960 there was a great deal of anti-Catholicism in the state, which went for Nixon by 50,000 votes. Some Catholics, without actually blaming Hatfield for Kennedy's defeat, claim that during the campaign Youth for Christ—an organization which Hatfield belonged to and has supported for years—sent out bales of tracts featuring Hatfield and Bible quotes which created an anti-Kennedy atmosphere. Mrs. Hatfield, daughter of a Yugoslav immigrant, has also offended Catholics. One Catholic, who participates in Democratic politics in that state, put it this way: "His wife is an apostate. She was raised in Madeline parish (Catholic) in Portland. She left the Church to marry Hatfield. Sometimes in their political campaigns she is asked if she isn't an apostate, and she says: 'I never really was a Catholic; I was a Greek Orthodox.'" He mocked her voice, then added —clearly to suggest that the change of faith was motivated by a desire to gain status as well as a husband: "They were married in Hinson Memorial Baptist Church in Portland, a fashionable church in a fashionable area."

Even in this, however, Hatfield has split the opposition. A Portland State University study of voting patterns in Oregon shows that many Catholic areas routinely give their support to him. Among Protestants and nonreligious voters he stirs other emotional opposites. Ever since Sgt. Bill Newell of the Oregon State Police, who then served as Hatfield's chauffeur, disclosed to the Christian Businessmen's Association of Portland that occasionally the Governor would have him stop the car so they could get out and join in prayer by the roadside, Hatfield has been subjected to some snickering campaigns. It is certainly true that in his private life Hatfield—who used to smoke a pipe constantly but quit, and used to accept social cocktails but now sticks to nonalcoholic punch—has been compulsively religious for about the past seventeen years. His library is heavy with books on theology; he is a regular Bible reader and quick to quote from it, sometimes going so far as to plop into his conversation an identification of which translation he is citing: "The First Letter to the Church at Corinth, fifth chapter and tenth verse (Weymouth translation), shows this very clearly."

Aside from membership in Youth for Christ and Campus Crusade, he has been a lay preacher and a moderator of the First Baptist Church in Salem, has spoken at the Easter sunrise service in the Pasadena Bowl, has addressed the President's prayer breakfast

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and numerous governors' prayer breakfasts. Small church colleges (Baptist, Free Methodist, various types of Presbyterian, Church of God, and Nazarene) have heaped honorary doctorates on him.

Many Oregonians admire this, of course, and those who don't have had a hard time making something out of it, for Hatfield has advocated the separation of church and state with a firmness that would not make Billy James Hargis happy (although in this, as in most things, Hatfield has something for both sides; he thinks the Supreme Court prayer ban wrong). "I have yet discovered nothing in the Scriptures," he told a church college forum not long ago, "that instructs us to Christianize institutions."

Some of the same people who smile at his insistent piety accuse him of being at the same time hardhearted. As an example they often recall his attitude toward capital punishment. Actually it is not clear just where he does stand on this. To a church college forum in March, 1963, he said that capital punishment is wrong because it is economically unjust—"the poor die and the rich get off." But eight months later, speaking to the American Medical Association, he said: "Time after time, people come to my office saying, 'oh, you should pardon this poor soul,' or 'you should commute this poor soul's sentence. It is really not his fault. It's society which is to blame.' These are well-meaning people, who are mistakenly saying they do not believe people should be responsible for their own actions, but that government or society should be, because they are too dependent."

Whether or not it is a political weakness may be debatable, but there are some grounds for saying that Hatfield is philosophically elusive. In his office there is a picture that will soothe the right wingers (an autographed photo of J. Edgar Hoover), but it is hung in a spot to please the left wingers (out of the way, behind an inner hallway door). But that's just nice political balance. By elusive, I mean that in looking back over his record I find that in 1960 he said: "We need to continue civilian supervision of the military to insure that the will of the people is best represented." By the next Presidential campaign time he was quoted in the *Los Angeles Times* as complaining: "It's popular these days to kick the military brass around. But there is a very real danger in the displacement of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and other military experts by the civilian members of the Defense Department and the Kennedy administration." Then, last year, when ultraconservatives tried to stick a resolution into the Oregon GOP platform calling for a transfer of all responsibility for Vietnam to the military, he opposed the move.

In a question-and-answer period with the Executives' Club of Chicago in April, 1964, Hatfield was asked how, if he were President, he would deal with Castro, and he answered modestly: "Well, the very easy answer for anyone, 3,000 miles away from Washington in a Statehouse like I am in, to answer that question, would be to say, let's get rid of Castro. Let's drive him out of Cuba. But I can't answer the question that way, because I do not have all the facts. I do not have all the data that the CIA has supposedly presented to the President. I don't have the facts and data as to our military capacity and posture at this moment, in terms of missiles, and in terms of ground forces, and what have you. So therefore, I do not feel I can answer the question."

By August of that year, however, he had either obtained a pipe line to CIA information or was ready to dispense with modesty because he was sharply critical of the administration for "vacillation," for failure to take all economic sanctions against Castro, and for not encouraging the spread of governments in exile which could direct raids against Cuba. Hatfield was unconcerned that some of these raids might be launched from U.S. soil.

Hatfield prides himself on his libertarian views, especially in defense of the right to dissent. When Gus Hall went to Oregon to speak to any college groups that would hear him, right wingers tried to pressure Hatfield into closing the doors of state schools to him. Hatfield refused to be spooked. But he was deeply offended ("disgraceful") by the anti-war pickets who turned out to greet Vice President Humphrey. Hatfield is pro-Negro; twice he refused to extradite Negro prisoners to Mississippi, and he consistently and skillfully fought for expansion of civil rights—most spectacularly at the 1963 Governors' Conference where, in league with Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, he forced the Democrats to abolish the resolutions committee, leaving much of its work still pending, rather than face him in a showdown over a rights resolution. Yet, somewhat like Justice Hugo Black, Hatfield draws back from the demands that would complete the endeavor, feeling that "in our efforts to establish particularly Negro rights and other minority rights we have moved into an era in which we have become so minority-oriented we've forgotten about the majority."

Hatfield has a long and proud record of fighting hate groups. As the keynote speaker at the 1964 GOP National Convention, he could not have been more out of tune with the dominant voices when he denounced "bigots in this nation who spew forth the venom of hate. They must be overcome, and this applies to the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society, the Communist Party, and the hundreds of others like them." He got a closetful of mail from the Birchers about that. Hatfield was not anti-Goldwater in 1964, but he was clear and open about his fears that if the tough conservatives and hate vendors seized control, the party would languish for years. It was not a safe position for an ambitious young man to take that year, but he took it. Then in October, 1965, he did an extraordinary thing. Following the lead of Sen. Thruston Morton, who made a similar attack, Hatfield set out to discredit Group Research, Inc., of Washington. GRI, in large part supported by the Democratic National Committee and labor organizations, is not known to the general public but it is recognized by many Washington newsmen and Congressmen as one of the most effective opponents of right-wing hate groups. It is a clearinghouse for information about such groups. Ex-Sen. Maurine Neuberger, for example, waged most of her war against H. L. Hunt and Life Line with data obtained from GRI. For one who doesn't like

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hate groups, it was a strange attack for Hatfield to make; but if it was a mistake, it was one which he refused to correct.

So there are persuasive reasons for thinking it a little early to paint Senator Hatfield's political portrait. Yet on the most important issue of the moment, Vietnam, he has not equivocated in the slightest degree. Nor has there been any wavering in his push to establish what he calls "a world due process," a global legislative and adjudicative machinery with more authority and more status than the United Nations, though he does not belittle that as a beginning. "If I were President, my first move," he says, "would be to help reconstruct the United Nations' police organization. I would try to strengthen the hand of the Secretary General so that he could dispatch police forces. Eventually I would seek the admission of Red China to the United Nations, though it is not realistic to ask for that until the Vietnam quarrel is settled." As for the chances of getting this kind of program past Congress, Hatfield is under no illusion that it could be done soon, "but we must undertake the task at some point. It isn't an impossibility. There are a number of leaders who are willing to consider the idea. Dick Nixon, he sees it; he may not advocate it, but he comprehends the proposal. Perhaps only a small fraction of the nation's leadership would agree with me on these points right now, but all progress starts with a small fraction of the leadership." Even in his insistence that the UN be given a greater role in Vietnam he runs into strange opposition. When, at the 1965 Governors' Conference in Minneapolis, he proposed UN intervention, the sometimes liberal *Washington Post* asked in editorial horror: "How could any serious student of world affairs suppose that anything could be accomplished at this time by going to the U.N.?" The *Post* ridiculed Hatfield for expecting a "miracle."

Governors' conferences are such blotto affairs that Hatfield, simply by speaking his mind, consistently made headlines at them. At the Minneapolis conference two years ago he and Governor Romney were the only two to refuse to vote in favor of a resolution backing the escalation of military intervention in Vietnam, but Romney, after being closeted with Johnson, backed away from his previous opposition. Hatfield stayed firm.

At the National Governors' Conference last year, Hatfield was the only one to vote against giving Johnson carte blanche support in Southeast Asia. "After I took that position," Hatfield recalls, "governor after governor came up to me privately and praised me and said they would have liked to vote as I did but felt that they couldn't. I would just say 'oh,' and stare at them. I wouldn't thank them. If you believe something, you should stand by it. If the heat's on, it makes loyalty to a position all the more important."

Hatfield's enemies predicted that as soon as he got to Washington he would modify his opposition to the war, as Senator Brooke of Massachusetts has done. Instead, Hatfield has increased his opposition. Howard Morgan, the former Federal Power Commissioner who ran as the Democratic peace candidate in the 1966 primaries, and does not like Hatfield but dislikes the Vietnamese conflict more, wrote a letter to a Portland newspaper several weeks ago acknowledging that he had been one who thought Hatfield would never persist as a peacenik, but that he now wanted to admit publicly that he had been wrong.

Hatfield had hardly hit Washington before he was on national television, urging that the United States gradually withdraw its troops from Vietnam and turn the fighting over to Asian troops. Within two months he was also Washington's major new voice, calling for a completely volunteer "citizens' army" to replace the draft, not only because "conscription is involuntary servitude," as he told the American Society of Newspaper Editors, but also because conscription is too expensive, inefficient and unsafe in terms of national security.

Last month, when the draft was under debate in the Senate, he fought its *status quo* extension even more savagely than did the old draft opponents, Ernest Gruening, Stephen Young and Wayne Morse. Among his several darts was an amendment that would have written into law a description of the draft as a "total governmental invasion of the liberties of America's young men." It lost, of course.

It may be that Hatfield's plasticity on some issues comes from the fact that he is one of those persons who must be personally familiar with the reality on which he bases his conclusions, if he is to hold to them firmly. For instance, Oregon is a well-fed state, roped together at the bottom rung by a fairly decent welfare system. There is little hunger there, and Hatfield apparently thinks the rest of the nation is as fortunate because he can make a speech about feeding the hungry (as he did to the National Canners Association in May) without once alluding to the fact that there is hunger in this country. He talked a lot about feeding the world's hungry. Similarly, Oregon has almost no Negro population, and Hatfield has no knowledge of urban ghettos; therefore he quickly loses patience with racial demonstrations.

But when it comes to war, it is another matter. He has experienced it, and it left a pacifying mark on him. When he complains that "terroristic or indiscriminate bombing" of Vietnam "must involve deaths of noncombatant men, women and children, and merits the general condemnation of humanity, for it cannot be justified as an instrument for the fulfillment of U.S. foreign policy," he is speaking from the memory of a visit to another place. ("I was at Hiroshima shortly after the bombing and it left a deep impression.") When he talks of trying to beat communism in Vietnam by feeding it to death, rather than trying to bomb it out of existence, again he speaks from what he has seen.

Hatfield was commander of a wave of the amphibious attack craft at both Iwo Jima and Okinawa. He was preparing for the invasion of Japan when the war ended. Then he was ordered to Haiphong, North Vietnam's best-known harbor, to pick up Chiang Kai-shek's troops who had come overland to the port, and to convoy them to areas of northern China where they could fight the Communist Chinese. He recalls:

> When we moved into the daylight, the dawn hours, when we were coming into the harbor of Haiphong we could see the reflection of the beautiful polished tile of

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that very impressive Monte Carlo of Southeast Asia that was on top of a hill overlooking the port. This was the great place for French recreation, of all the Western people's recreation in the old days of colonialism.

And yet around that same hill were the little huts of the people of Vietnam who lived in squalor and poverty. And the contrast of the wealth and the foolish use of that wealth of the Western colonists on top of that hill and the abject poverty of the people living about it was a contrast I shall never forget. . . .

I remember along the road going into town the bodies, dead bodies alongside the road, not dead because of war or bullets but dead because of starvation. I can't forget that. And I can't forget my feeling that food—food—would be our weapon, not military might alone. But how we missed it, how we miscalculated, how we became so involved in political power structures and political manipulation between the French and the Vietnamese that today we are reaping that error of not having addressed ourselves to the needs of the people, but rather to support 80 per cent of the French attempt to retake a colony in this century!

Hatfield is obviously a man to cause trouble. And the more he gets around in the nation and the world, the more he enriches his philosophy from broader personal experiences, the more trouble for this Administration he can be expected to cause.

PUERTO RICO

Commonwealth, State or Nation?

GUY T. NUNN

Mr. Nunn is professor of industrial sociology at the University of Puerto Rico.

San Juan

On July 23, Puerto Rican voters will speak on the tight little island's (population density possibly the world's highest) most tortured question: status. Record registration for the plebiscite, despite recommended boycott by both the Republican Statehood and Independence Parties, would *seem* to presage a landslide victory for continuation of the present Commonwealth, or Free Associated Statehood status, vigorously supported by the majority Popular Democratic Party, which is still led by its creator, former Governor and currently Senator Luis Muñoz Marín.

Here as elsewhere, however, political appearances may conceivably deceive. Muñoz and the PDP are obviously worried. One index of their concern is their belated attempt to make the plebiscite an issue of loyalty, insisting that no good PDP member can vote other than for continuation of the Free Associated State. This contradicts two decades of PDP assertion, in normal elections, that Puerto Ricans favoring either statehood or independence could vote PDP without doing violence to their eventual status hopes.

All crystal balls are befogged by the fact that the Republican Statehood Party's convention majority voted months back to boycott the plebiscite, claiming to see in it a "trap" which would destroy the party. This action, ironically, promises to increase, rather than diminish, the pro-statehood vote on July 23. Refusing to accept the majority decision to abstain, Luis A. Ferré, the party's thrice-beaten candidate for the governorship against Muñoz (and the island's richest industrialist), promptly organized a rump group, Statehooders United, and put it on the ballot.

Ferré, although almost totally lacking in Muñoz's popular appeal, is nevertheless an attractive figure. He has energy, intelligence and dedication. He also has money and an enterprising organization of young people which has saturated the island with statehood propaganda and generated by far the largest and most enthusiastic public meetings of the campaign. By breaking away from his own party, he has stumbled into an attractive double-underdog posture. In the present context, moreover, statehood comes before the voters relatively free of the Republican Statehood Party's old and (to most Puerto Ricans) unpalatable association with the mainland GOP.

The "ideal" of statehood, Ferré insists, must be kept alive through participation in the plebiscite, whatever its outcome. Should this one be lost, other plebiscites will follow. But this one need not be lost. The PDP's big majorities of the past have been largely irrelevant to the statehood issue, and scores of thousands of PDP supporters can finally vote their consciences.

There are many signs that Ferré's intuition is well grounded. Even the leadership of the PDP is known to contain a number of statehood advocates (just as it contains elements emotionally committed to the opposite pole of independence). Urbanization, which is rapidly liquidating the *jíbaro* (or rural) class which thrust Muñoz into power originally, is a possibly powerful sociological ally of statehood. So too, presumably, is the extreme youth of the island population. To many new voters, Muñoz is history, the *mystique* of *hispanidad* an outmoded conception, and Free Associated Statehood intrinsically demeaning. This attitude shows itself sharply, and perhaps surprisingly, among servicemen and veterans. Far from feeling abused by a "colonial" authority which has conscripted them without representation, Puerto Rican servicemen seem to derive both pride and status from their role. Anti-draft demonstrations have, by mainland standards, been infrequent, skimpy and of low voltage—this, perhaps, because they have in the main been sponsored by *independista* or *nacionalista* splinter groups tarred with the presumption of Castro sympathy or support. Young people, in any event, appear measurably readier to accept the implications of outright statehood than their elders.

But a possibly larger "sleeper" factor in the com-

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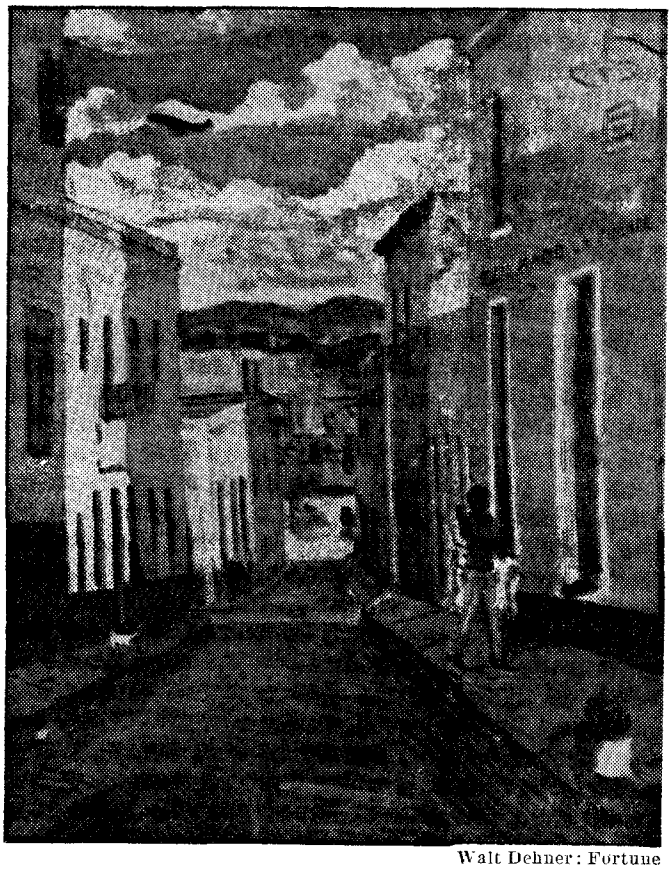
ing plebiscite than all of the foregoing is the PDP's long tenure in office. Although astonishingly scandal-free, sensitive to emerging social needs, and responsible for an uninterruptedly rising island standard of living, the governing party shows unmistakable signs of political arteriosclerosis. Muñoz, though officially retired from party office, has never, in fact, ceased to govern. He has been repeatedly called upon to mediate factional crises which the party's internal machinery has been incapable of resolving without him.

Beneath the dazzling feats of *Fomento* (Public Works) in giving the island the beginnings of an industrial base, and maintaining a productivity growth well ahead of the mainland average, lie unreduced social reefs of monstrous dimensions: persisting unemployment (officially put at 14 per cent, but actually closer to 30 per cent if concealed unemployment among housewives and young people out of work and out of school are counted), an urban slum growth dishearteningly close to the pace of rehousing, a desperate educational deficit at every level, a collapsing sugar industry, rising delinquency and addiction rates, and other problems. The PDP has attacked them, for the most part, with resourcefulness and humane candor, but with grievously limited resources. There is nothing about statehood which in any way promises speedy improvement in these areas, but neither is there anything about voters which guarantees that they will give rational expression to discontent.

Already nearing 70, Muñoz had been called down from his emeritus Olympus to grub through the villages and dusty *pueblecitos* in search of votes for a "permanent" Free Associated State which he himself, for upward of two decades, has pictured as nothing more than a tactical bridge to eventual outright independence.



Walt Dehner: Fortune

Whether because of age, failing health, or distaste at having to argue (in betrayal of his youth) the inevitability of permanent dependence on the United States—or a combination of all three—the old Muñoz incandescence and almost visceral communion with his audience are gone. He argues well but without color or vigor. Against independence he urges the unthinkability of severing U.S. ties; against statehood, its sheer economic unviability. Statehood is the major "enemy," and his case against it, while crammed with common-sense economics, is passionless. More, it fails to offer any *ultimate* reason for statehood's unacceptability. Puerto Rico, he argues, simply cannot "afford" statehood. The island's hope of eventual parity with the world's industrially mature economies (Puerto Rican per capita income lags well behind that of Mississippi, although life expectancy is thought to be a faint fraction higher than that of the United States as a whole) rests upon its continuing ability to offer a tax haven to mainland investors, along with unhindered access to the U.S. consumer market. Only Commonwealth can preserve the present freedom from U.S. corporation profits taxes. Outright statehood would rob Puerto Rico of a tool crucial to the shaping of its own economic destiny, blighting the golden culmination of Operation Bootstrap. It would mean an automatic and disastrous reduction in island standards of living. Muñoz dares his opposition to declare its readiness to pay this price.

Theoretically unassailable though his logic is (especially over the short term), it is hardly a clarion call to national pride. Nor does its power seem likely to ignite a pro-Commonwealth vote of a size to sweep the status question permanently off the political agenda, as Muñoz and the PDP had obviously anticipated when the decision was made to hold a plebiscite in the more or less immediate wake of the Status Commission Report.

That report gave equal comfort to the three status alternatives, holding each to be equally "honorable" and workable as eventualities. Commonwealth, or Free Associated Statehood, was obliquely favored only to the extent that both statehood and independence were found to be economically sustainable only fifteen or twenty years down the future. Since no one seriously quarrels with *that* reservation, the plebiscite takes place in a context of non-immediacy so far as its practical consequences are concerned. It will be the expression of a sentiment, without fixed or visible consequences. Its only practical effect will be the creation of study commissions to investigate the eventual implementation of whatever sentiment is expressed in the plebiscite. This process alone could reasonably consume several years (and probably create the need for further plebiscites on the specific product of such investigation), and the U.S. Congress, torpid of reflex at best, might easily take several years more to accept the result, with its many complications, should either statehood or independence win.

All this, of course, is obvious to Puerto Rican voters, and it reduces the plebiscite to an expression of theoretical "druthers," without the bite of instant necessity for living with the consequences. And it is precisely this

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"dream" quality which makes predicting the plebiscite outcome so hazardous.

Although a vote without clear and predictable consequences might logically be thought likely to favor a strong pro-independence expression, few observers are willing to predict an independence vote of more than 2 or 3 per cent. Once a powerful, if subterranean, current even in the PDP leadership, it is now reduced to a handful of small, programless clusters of intellectuals whose leadership denounces participation in the plebiscite "fraud," with occasional vague threats of violence if the "fraud" is consummated. Independence is on the ballot only because of unauthorized self-starter *Independistas*. The recent history of Cuba, the travail of the Dominican Republic, the depth of American cultural penetration, the benign paternalism of U.S. economic colonialism, the presumably permanent presence on the mainland of nearly a million Puerto Ricans—all these and more may be relevant factors; but in any case the fires of nationalism on the island seem to have been banked down to a flameless smolder.

But Ferré and his United Statehooders remain an imponderable and serious threat to Muñoz's determination to drive the status question permanently underground. If statehood should manage to show significantly more than the roughly 28 per cent of the vote which the Republican Statehood Party scored in the last election, then the status question must be conceded to be more alive than dead, and the PDP's insistence on an early plebiscite judged a strategic blunder. And if the pro-statehood vote should run as high as 40 per cent (as many believe possible), the probability is that the island will be thrown into a continuing status crisis, more insistent, more real, than the mere nagging backache which the plebiscite was initially intended to cure. Seeking prematurely to bury a nuisance, Muñoz may have unearthed a monster.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF NATIONAL GREATNESS

KENNETH BURKE

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There is a critical difference between the powerful performance of an automobile and the effort of its driver. Runners or cyclists can increase their speed only by a corresponding increase of their exertions; but without any added effort whatever, by merely pressing a slight bit more on the gas pedal, the driver of a car can accelerate his automotive monster, even to the extent where it can take over, and race or rage beyond his control. This easy opportunity for a vast mechanical transmogrifying of our comparatively feeble physical powers can lure us into drastically irresponsible assertiveness.

However, as impressive and extensive and hazardous as the automotive empire is (I take it that one is speaking not metaphorically but literally, when one looks upon the overall resources of travel by car as a kind of empire), it is but an example of man's relationship to *all* the great advances in the development of technological power, the tremendous expansion in the powers of physical motion.

Everywhere we look, we confront the same fate-ridden disproportion between what I would distinguish as the realms of action and motion. That is: in our nature as persons, we *act*. Our machines, not being persons, can't act; they can but *move*, or *be moved*. But their sheer motions vastly magnify our powers of action. And by the same token, they impose upon us correspondingly vast new areas of *sufferance*. In their power is our pride—and, as always, in man's pride there lurks his greatest danger. If classic tragedy can teach us anything, it should teach us that. Nor must we be on guard only against those machines which provide motion on command from our physical actions. The dangers of a related yet quite different kind of personal aggrandizement beset us, by reason of our good fortune as citizens identified with a nation of almost terrifyingly vast and expansive political and economic power.

Note my expression, "our good fortune as citizens *identified with*" our nation. That term, "identified with," brings into focus a more "spiritual" kind of aggrandizement. This aggrandizement centers in the nature of "identification," the kind of corporate identity the individual citizen possesses by reason of his personal identification with the collective might summed up in our present national greatness.

We know of many empires that rose and fell. We know of none that rose and didn't fall. Hitler, at the height of his arrogance, promised his followers, who obeyed him as automatically as conditioned cattle, that his dismal outfit would last a thousand years. That dream was soon over. I don't have the least idea how permanent our setup is likely to be, though it is a fact known to us all that a considerable number of our most characteristic contrivances have to be junked strikingly soon after we buy them.

Meanwhile, we may profit by meditating on our personal modes of identification with the great empire of which we all are citizens. And regardless of how long our hegemony may prevail, we can now say for sure that the rulers of no other country on earth can come even remotely so near to imposing their will upon all nations as can those elected authorities of ours who decide upon U.S. policies abroad.

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The mention of such concepts as "collective might" and "hegemony" brings up the possibility of a misunderstanding; my title, "Responsibilities of National Greatness," may suggest to the reader a likelihood that I intend to deal with the problem of our country's foreign policy. But though I have personal opinions on such matters, I do not have the equipment to substantiate them as thoroughly as an essay on the subject would demand. Rather, my focus upon "identification" is a *terministic* matter, about which I am entitled to speak, if not by my competence at least by the great amount of attention and number of years I have devoted to it. And the kind of "responsibilities" I shall deal with will concentrate not upon our country's obligations to other countries but with a single citizen's obligations to his country. More narrowly still, I shall treat not even of a citizen's obligations in their totality, but only of the need to pause occasionally and ponder the bepuzzlements of "identification" as they affect our sense of citizenship. My only claim is that, by peering into this term "identification" somewhat persistently, we find that it reveals notable risks and dangers, which must be recognized if democracy is to function at its best. Indeed, what with the heightened responsibilities placed upon us by the genius of our technology, I might also have entitled this paper, "Concepts of Identification Needed To Make Democracy Work."

In the religious frame of reference, man acquired categorical dignity by identification with some transcendent principle—as in the Old Testament relationship between man and God, and the New Testament relationship involving an identification with Christ as intermediary between man and God. With the rise of nationalism, there gradually arose a more secular kind of categorical dignity, defined by identification with one political power or another. Machiavelli's *The Prince* is a notable book along the way. For though it reflected the breaking of "universal" (that is "catholic") identification into political factionalism, its incipiently nationalistic nature was partially concealed by its concern with purely personal rule (a kind of rule that could not become wholly nationalistic until some one feudal ruler had triumphed over many rivals and established centralization of authority). At the time of the Renaissance, Machiavelli was usually thought of as a kind of devil. For whereas, according to the universal notion of religious motives current at the time, a man's private virtues would be the traits of character which, if cultivated in each individual, would be most beneficial to mankind as a whole, Machiavelli was concerned with a kind of conspiratorial virtue whereby even the *personal vices* of a ruler might be of benefit to his empire as a whole.

It wasn't until Hegel, with his glorification of the Prussian state, that such factional kind of identification became wholly sanctioned. Many related developments could be considered here. For instance, the concept of national identity was capable of two quite different uses. One might hold to what I would call the "Picture Gallery" theory of culture, whereby each national integer could be appreciated in and for itself, without reference to other such integers. But obviously any such situation set up the conditions for an invidious emphasis whereby a cultural *difference* could be interpreted rather as a cultural *superiority*.

Ordinarily, such identifications involve simple cases of self-love whereby one admires oneself roundabout by identifying oneself with some group which one praises, whereupon one's own shares in the assets of the corporation appreciate proportionately. Implied identification can figure as a kind of unavowed statement of policy or attitude. For instance, to quote from an early review of mine, in *The Philosophy of Literary Form* (the quotation, in which I change one word to avoid too much explaining, will make it clear that the passage, on the subject of identification, was written before the outbreak of World War II):

> One could even imagine the emergence of a particular aesthetic school, in which not one single thought or image was "subversive" on its face, yet functioned as a challenge. Nazis in Poland, for instance, wear white sox, harmless enough in themselves, yet significant enough as a challenge to enrage a Polish patriot—and so there may be subtler aspects of a style, functioning like the white sox in Poland, even stylistic ways of wearing anti-white sox in Hitler's Germany. So with "travel literature" like that of Tacitus, who wrote under conditions of dictatorship, and attacked the local political situation by an ambiguous device, in presenting an idealization of Germany that implied a criticism of

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Rome (the point is taken from Jacques Barzun's interesting book on *Race Theories*, which also notes some irony in the fact that Tacitus, for progressive purposes, here gave the first form to the doctrines of "Nordic" superiority that were subsequently to serve the ends of reactionaries).

As to what our sins of identification (if any) may or may not be, we are necessarily uncertain. But at least, looking back upon the group madness that seized a great nation (the nation of Lessing, of Goethe, of Kant, of Schopenhauer, of Heine, of Thomas Mann, of Einstein, of the marvelous musicians, I could go on and on), we can clearly see that such a madness somehow got imposed upon the citizens of that exceptionally great nation, until the citizens, as in the frenzy of a lynch mob, *identified* themselves with a shrewd madman who had in turn *identified* himself with them, even to the extent that when contemplating suicide at the thought of his defeat, he was minded to risk taking his whole nation down to defeat with him. And, so crazy are the tricks of identification, we hear of self-styled "patriots" in Germany today, who would live that lie all over again, and only recently have elected candidates to such an end.

Since identifications also involve anti-identifications, those neo-Nazis would even blame this political relapse upon us. For it is true that we are pressing West Germany to buy our ammunition. If West Germany does not do so, its citizens can pay less taxes. And if their citizens pay less taxes, they can sell their goods abroad more cheaply. And where would that leave us, as prospective competitors in those same foreign markets, when we are taxing ourselves like fury in the cause of armaments? (Once again, I am *not* here asking us to consider the rightness or wrongness of such expenditures. I am merely trying to indicate how such processes bear upon the nature of our problem, as citizens who are necessarily, and properly, identified with the policies of our nation.)

At the very least, educators might, as I have been doing, point out the risks of identification where clearly manifested in errors committed by citizens of countries other than our own. The contemplation of such distresses might have a certain admonitory value. For high among the uses of history is its ability to teach by the patient study of past fumblings, and thereby to help transform the record of mankind's tragic errors into sources of understanding. And after all, if you want to learn by the study of mankind's mistakes, you must concede that you have a marvelously fertile field to work with.

What, then, is the range of relevancies that a close look at the term "identification" reveals? The first instance concerns not how we relate ourselves to our society but rather how we employ symbols to relate aspects of that society to one another. It seems to me obvious and inevitable that a highly developed technological economy such as ours must be rationalized by some sort of monetary medium to coordinate the almost infinite details of our country's production and distribution. However, this very function that finance performs in the allocating of our resources can lead to a quite faulty mode of identification.

Several years ago, we may recall, a quite destructive hurricane tore its way through New England. And some years before that, there had been the big Market Crash of 1929. Shortly after the hurricane, a writer in the financial columns of a New York newspaper pointed out that, whereas losses in the hurricane were extensive, they were minor as compared with those suffered in the Market Crash. Note here a failure to distinguish between *material* destruction and purely *symbolic* losses. Yet consider how vast the difference was, though both kinds showed on the books as a radical drop in the "value" of certain people's holdings.

After the hurricane, the countryside was in ruins. To this day, in my area, which was on the outward fringes of the storm, you can still find evidence of that disaster. Yet no matter how deep the plunge of the stock market, the material plant represented by those depreciated shares remained exactly as it had been. Not a single locomotive had been lost, not a single bridge had collapsed, not one tree was down. *Materially,* there had been no damage at all, except for an occasional speculator who, on seeing his stocks drop as though they had been bricks thrown out the window, threw himself out after them. Thus, to identify the Market Crash with the results of the hurricane would be like making no distinction between the actual destruction of a house and the destruction of a document attesting that so-and-so is the owner of that house.

How might that particular misuse of monetary identification serve an admonitory purpose, as regards our current predicaments? Having spent the most urgent years of my life on the study of symbolism, and having often been accused of wanting to turn the world into nothing but symbol systems, I would point out, on the contrary: My studies in the nature of symbols (or "symbolic action") have led me all the more strongly to realize the inexorable difference between the symbolic and nonsymbolic realms. Hence, I grow particularly disturbed at what seems to me a new, and much more dangerous, situation involving this same error of identification, this same failure to distinguish clearly enough between things and symbols.

In recent years we have heard much talk about the "gross national product," which is defined in terms of *money*. When our sum of economic operations is thus identified, it looks quite reasonable to conclude: Since these transactions amount to hundreds of billions of dollars, what's a mere $10 billion spent for improving the condition of the poor? Approached thus, in terms of sheerly *monetary* identification, the solution of the problem seems quite simple, involving little more than a small tax easily borne.

However, if you identify this problem in terms not of *money* but of *materials*, the conclusions are drastically different. For, as regards sheer *materials*, a merely *symbolic* allocation of $10 billion for such social services involves a corresponding allocation of goods and manpower. It means, for instance, that the resources employed for construction, medical aid, transportation and the like, in connection with our military activities abroad, simply cannot at the same time be employed for improvements at home. When the issue is approached in terms of monetary

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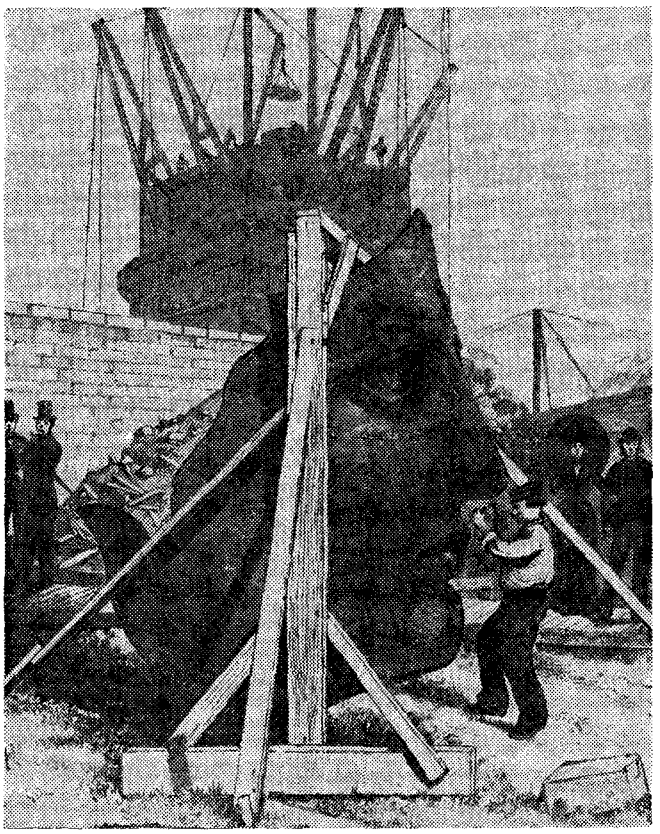
identification, the extent of the gross national product may seem able to allow for both. But when the same problem is considered in terms of material resources and manpower, one realizes that the monetary mode of identification in this case is misleading.

Perhaps I should pause to make clear that whether you favor putting our treasure over there or keeping it here, within this problem there lurks this tricky shifting of identification. My present thesis is simply that among our responsibilities as citizens in a democracy whose economic functions are rationalized in monetary terms, is the obli-



gation to admonish ourselves against a "natural" tendency to use monetary or symbolic modes of identification, even in cases where more specifically materialistic terms might be called for.

But whereas an identification problem of that sort involves us primarily in an *intellectual* confusion, a more directly *emotional* kind of responsibility arises from the nature of political representation in a democracy. I refer to the fact that the interests of a nation are not necessarily identical with the interests of a party in power. Obviously, any party will use all the rhetorical and administrative resources at its command to make such identification seem absolute. This is a natural and wholly understandable aim of any political faction, be it in power or out of power.

But surely among the major virtues of a democracy such as ours is the fact that we are not constitutionally required to accept any administrative policy without question, regardless of the exigencies that may beset us. Insofar as a policy can be changed by orderly procedures of government, there is nothing treasonous in debating the advisability of changes. There is nothing in the United States Constitution that outlaws the swapping of horses in the middle of a stream. If the citizens want war when an administration wants peace, or if the citizens want peace when an administration wants war, it is their duty to peer beyond the kinds of persuasion and self-persuasion (in brief, the kinds of identification) that make administrative policy and national policy seem identical.

However, the problems of identification become more complicated in cases of this sort insofar as a national administration makes alliances with foreign governments or factions, or even is itself responsible for their holding office, as is apparently the case with Premier Ky. For though a decision to withdraw our fighting forces from Vietnam would certainly not involve "letting our boys down," so far as sparing *them* the horrors of war is concerned, there would be the further problem involved in the fact that we are now identified with Premier Ky and those of his cabinet who have not yet resigned. This situation is particularly awkward since the faction with which we are there identified is itself hard to identify with democracy. And so, alas! there is a tangle of identifications atop identifications atop identifications, some of them clearer than others—but let's hurry on!

All told, as regards such identifications, there would seem to be a complex of this sort:

First, there is a supranational kind of identity that comes to a focus in relation to one's religious or ethical convictions. We might call it in general "the realm of conscience." Below this comes national identification which, owing to our party system of government, is not directly equatable with any incumbent administration.

I had thought of putting vocational affiliations next in line beneath national identification. But unfortunately many of our vocational efforts become identified with the ethics of workmanship, and there are respects in which it would be hard to uphold such a scale, since many aspects of vocation involve matters of conscience.

Such thoughts, regrettably, require us to turn aside and introduce a contrary companion term to "identification." It usually goes by the name of "autonomy." By "autonomy" in this connection we would mean an exclusive reference to the principles intrinsic to any specialized pursuit. For instance, a man may say: "I am a biologist, a physicist, a chemist. I consider it my job to be as competent a biologist, or physicist, or chemist as I can be. This is an autonomous activity, having its own laws and methods. Let me go about my business. And it is *not* my business to dabble in matters of politics, and the like."

If only the lines really could be drawn there, there'd be no problem. But here enters that damned word "identification" again. And looking at any man's same autonomous pursuit as judged in terms of "identification," we'd be prodded to ask ourselves: "But with what other transactions is this autonomous specialist identified, whether he wants to be or not?" Adapting a tender-minded ancient parable to a present tough-minded purpose, and noting that any specialized or autonomous activity fits into some larger unit of action, we might sum up the relationship between autonomy and identification thus: "The shepherd, *qua* shepherd, acts for the good of the sheep,

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to protect them from discomfiture and harm. But he may be 'identified' with a project that is raising sheep for market." (I am quoting slavishly from my *Rhetoric of Motives*.)

As regards the "conscientious" kinds of identification, we should further note that they involve family relationships, relations to neighborhood projects, to schools, to lodges, and so on (all variously impinging somewhat upon vocational, factional, national and supranational identifications). There can be happy times when all those kinds of identification are working together, when the party in power is helping our nation do the things we can be most zestfully proud of, and when all other countries throughout the world are joining us and praising us, and when this spirit of good will filters down to our relations with one another, in all our minor identifications.

That's conceivable, is it not: There is sometimes a temptation among some of us to feel that a dominion could be as great as ours only by maximum reliance upon the powers to threaten. Maybe they're right. If so, may there be a God, and may God have mercy on us all. For if it's to be by threat, I fear there are much meaner times ahead. Yet everywhere I go in this country, I find, along with the squabbles that we all get into, a constant background of good fellowship.

True, there are the mean places. Each day the news assiduously hunts them out, that we newsmongers may variously identify ourselves with some persons in those selected areas of victimage. But there is also the humanity of our people, the fountain of good will that keeps welling up anew. And with this we would be identified, with this we *must* be identified, for otherwise the supersonic this or that, the moon shots, the great new realms of knowledge, the *sheer genius* of all such accomplishments, the whole thing becomes a damned lie, a crime against the Creator, for so much of it involves the raping and polluting of nature, not by deliberate intent but by pragmatic urgencies with which we happen to become identified, as we must, if only to go on living under the conditions which our own contrivances have imposed upon us.

One particularly dangerous form of identification is that whereby a man may personally be quite compliant, yet feels that his nation should be in every way unbending. Or, while he is himself the soul of unpretentiousness, he can think of his nation only in the spirit of the old German challenge, *Deutschland über alles*. And sometimes I wonder whether the largely anarchic relationship that prevails among all nations in the world today is having an influence upon tendencies toward juvenile delinquency, insofar as young people take the norms of national sovereignty as models with which to identify their personal conduct.

One notable device involves identification by antithesis, sometimes with paradoxical results. For instance, our Constitution was framed with feudal monarchy as the enemy. Yet by its very nature it removed this enemy; hence the very government itself took over this antithetic role, and laws formally intended to protect the individual against the Crown came to function as devices for weakening the various States' rights to control excesses of businessmen. Also, identification by antithesis is greatly responsible for much political oratory. A candidate would have considerable difficulty explaining to the voters exactly how his proposed policies would work. But if he says, "they are *against* the policies of so-and-so," that statement somehow makes things seem clear. Doubtless this prime resource of identification by antithesis is also influential in bringing it about that so many citizens vote not *for* someone but *against* someone else.

There is also what we might call "negative identification" or "lack of identification." Its manifestations range from unconcern for the sufferings of experimental animals to unconcern for the sufferings of the enemy in war. It ties in with the "autonomous" motive, in the sense that a bombardier might cause much havoc, not through any great feeling of aggression on his part but out of sheer obedience, in doing what he's told to do, and as thoroughly as he is able. Also, of course, such "lack of identification" is matched by heightened identification with those on one's own side, whose safety or rescue may depend upon the skill with which the technically unfeeling operation is carried out.

Such "lack of identification" can have regrettable results, but it is wholly devoid of emotional cruelty. However, it can become transformed into morbid gratification. Thus, I will never forget a story in a German magazine I read near the start of the First World War, before the British prohibited the exchange of mail between Germany and the United States. It had to do with a part of the front that for some time had been quiet, and the men on both sides of the line had built up undefined rules of distant camaraderie. They did not actually fraternize, but they came to accept it that neither side was aiming to kill men on the other side. The protagonist in the story got to know exactly when a particular enemy soldier would be exposed to gunfire. He bided his time, and one day shot this enemy dead. It was an unforgettable story. For of a sudden this kind of killing took on a quite different meaning from the professional killing that would have been in order had the troops been commanded to advance. Here some morbidly different motive had entered, a motive not unlike that of the various arbitrary killings we have been reading about recently (for instance, the boy in the tower at the University of Texas, who picked off victims at random).

But surely first prize for the vagaries and vaguenesses of identification must go to that tiny first-person plural pronoun, "we." Until a few years ago, when the Dodgers won a ball game, all Brooklyn proudly proclaimed that "we" had won. Now this purely private company is in Los Angeles, operating on a quite different identification. Or "we" as a nation advance funds to foreign countries from which "we" as private corporations receive this money back in payment for exports. By this ambiguity of identification, as a *nation* we become "idealists" while some of our *nationals* are involved in transactions that are, to say the least, quite realistic. Or whenever "we" fight a war, the range of identifications under the one head extends from men in combat to gamblers in war stocks. Yes, the marvels and mysteries of identification come to an ultimate focus in that scarcely noticeable, workaday pronoun, "we."

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LETTER FROM LONDON

THE CATHOLIC CRISIS

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

The continuing crisis within the Catholic Church in Britain has been interesting to many people who, like myself, are not directly or personally involved. Some part of this interest can be attributed to ordinary curiosity about a row in any public organization, and especially in one that had seemed to the casual observer more or less monolithic. Indeed, some English liberals are still so suspicious of organized religion, and of the Catholic Church in particular, that while enjoying the row they miss its point: any sensible man, they both assume and conclude, would be bound in the end either to leave the Church or be kicked out. In this sense, the Catholic crisis is seen as similar to previous crises in the Communist Party: the "good men" eventually get out or are thrown out, and return to a point along the English liberal spectrum. I am neither a Christian nor a Communist, but I believe the crises within each kind of organization are of general significance: flash points within the long crisis of belief in advanced capitalist societies.

Two incidents in the Catholic crisis have been widely reported. Charles Davis, the leading English Catholic theologian, left the Church. Herbert McCabe was deposed as editor of the English Dominican magazine *New Blackfriars*. The incidents were related in that the editorial specifically cited against McCabe was a reaction to Davis' decision. Taking up a previous argument in *New Blackfriars*, McCabe admitted that the Church was quite plainly corrupt, but went on to argue that one should not therefore leave it; rather stay and work for change. The public argument then became confused, including such incidents as McCabe's attending Davis' wedding, and a still unresolved dispute about the future editorship of the magazine. In this climate, an incident in which a Cambridge chaplain interrupted an archbishop and stopped the meeting he was addressing, attracted wide attention. There was and still is a danger of reducing the whole argument to casual personal rows.

I see it differently—mainly because I know, in Cambridge, the young radical Catholics who started the magazine *Slant*, and especially Terry Eagleton and Adrian Cunningham who wrote the recent *Slant* manifesto, and who were among the main contributors to the recent New Left May Day Manifesto. I had been having my own argument with some of the *Slant* contributors; ironically, I had written a somewhat critical review in *New Blackfriars* at Herbert McCabe's invitation. My principal argument was that I saw a danger that among radical Catholics the New Left position would be reduced to the status of an argument within the Church, when it was really an argument about the whole society and (for Catholics) about the Church's relation to this. It is still the emphasis I would want to put. Internal rows in the Church, like internal rows in the Labour or Communist Parties, are of interest finally for their general confrontation of values, as part of the social and moral experience of the major crisis now occurring both within capitalist societies and within socialism. This, I believe, is how the young men around *Slant* also see the situation, though naturally enough, as members of the Church, they follow the internal crisis with special attention.

Their view, I think, would be that the Davis and McCabe incidents dramatized what is only the most obvious tension: between a cautious and conservative Church hierarchy, dragging its feet over implementing recent Vatican Council reforms, and an articulate and progressive section of the laity, concerned with freedom of speech and of conscience, and in general with a kind of modernization. The English bishops lag notably behind other European bishops in this kind of progressive thinking. Only two seem really to accept recent council decisions; the rest concentrate on reassuring what they see as a bewildered laity. But the Vatican Council gave the growing English Catholic middle class a new confidence and sense of purpose: a newly orthodox, progressive position on liturgical reform, lay participation, a more liberal moral theology, less authoritarianism, and so on. From the *Slant* point of view, however, this stopped far short of what was necessary. To them, the renewal that mattered was the connection of Christian action and organization with radical politics. The Church's primary job, they insisted, was not to reform and adapt itself to a more liberal and permissive climate but to change itself so that it could be the bearer of Christianity's primary message and mission of social revolution. In the Davis and McCabe incidents, as *Slant* sees them, this deeper crisis and the more obvious "modernizing" tension became confused.

Thus Davis' withdrawal from the Church was ambivalent to these young Catholic radicals. It was an effective indictment of the present state of the Church that it lost its best theologian. But they saw the Davis withdrawal as "liberal" rather than "radical": that is, he was setting up personal values against the Church as an institution, rather than stressing, with the Vatican Council, the necessary social structure of Christian belief, through which it could offer effective social and political change. When McCabe referred to the Church as corrupt, it was not primarily because it was an authoritarian and bureaucratic body, from which a liberal must withdraw in despair; but mainly because it was not effectively a Christian institution and community of a kind to challenge a corrupt society and change it. McCabe has an active concern with practical politics (he too signed the New Left May Day Manifesto) which goes far beyond the demands for liberal internal reforms.

It is here that the Catholic crisis engages with a much wider struggle in Britain. There exists among middle-class intellectuals a sort of consensus for change of certain kinds: permissive, liberal, modernizing; an ending of certain outdated habits and attitudes. But in the Church, as in the Labour, Liberal and even Conservative Parties,

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this apparently progressive position coexists with an unwillingness even to discuss more radical questions: Britain's involvement with a nuclear strategy and with imperialism; persistent social and economic inequalities; the human waste and deprivation of capitalism. Indeed, concern with these basic issues is still referred to as "ideology," the sort of thing that has to be left behind in much the same way, ironically, as older moral and ethical positions. Such opinion is strong when it comes to an issue like McCabe's being deprived of his editorship: that is an interference with free speech, and it produced a broad and powerful protest. But what McCabe was saying and meaning went far beyond this. His position, and that of *Slant*, is understandable only in the context of the New Left movement as a whole, which is concerned with changing the basic structures of the society and which, at certain crucial points, divides from liberalism in its emphasis on positive beliefs and concern as opposed to permissiveness and laissez faire.

To put the matter in this way is of course to sharpen the current conflict. The New Left joins with these liberals in opposing interference with free speech and personal moral decisions. It is then easy to see a broad, vague "radical" spectrum, opposing a merely conservative society (or a merely conservative institution like the existing Church). But probably the crucial conflict is within this spectrum. The New Left wants to build these values into socialism, where in the experience of Communist societies they have been affronted and denied. At the same time, it insists that to maintain these liberal values while accepting capitalism and its consequences is to reduce human concern to the merest gloss: a permissiveness for a relatively comfortable minority, in a relatively affluent society, which simply fails to notice the hard determination of the lives of others—the poor and exposed in our own societies, and in Africa, Asia and Latin America. Liberalism is then at best too weak and light a response to our whole contemporary experience; at worst, it becomes a way of avoiding it, by concentrating on the local problems of an embarrassed minority.

That is the crucial intellectual argument now going on in Britain; and the crisis in the Catholic Church is an essential part of it. It is complicated, in every sector, and there are constantly shifting alliances. Most of the New Left's thinking has come directly from the Socialist tradition: it is at once a renewal of a creative element in Marxism, and a redefinition of a Socialist humanism which has quite other political sources.

The radical Catholic contribution to the New Left has been, nevertheless, important: not only as a joining of Christian concern to this wider renewal; but specifically as a critique of liberalism, at the point where it divides from socialism. This is so difficult and delicate an issue, in the Western political tradition, that it is not surprising that the best work on it has come from Catholic thinkers who in a way, and often to their disadvantage, have been, or have seemed to be, outside that familiar consensus.

The point is still sometimes confusing and embarrassing: it is often very difficult for Socialists to criticize "liberalism," since certain liberal values have to be actively defended against open reaction and against the errors and failures of Communist societies. But the time came, and has kept coming, when socialism had to transcend liberalism, if it was to live and act at full stretch. The present struggles in Britain are best seen in this light. The Labour government is more or less openly abandoning socialism of any kind, and yet expecting the support of the Left because the Conservatives are waiting in the background. The New Left, in fighting both the government and the older order, is trying to alter the lines of the familiar controversy, and to draw new ones. The Catholic crisis is then an essential part of this difficult and continuing campaign.

LETTERS *(continued from page 34)*

"There was no limitation of any kind on the right of the UAR to move its troops up to the line at any time," he added, "and this made the question of the UN force's withdrawal or continued presence academic." "I am sure," he concluded, "that Mr. Eban did not mean what he seemed to imply, that the UNEF was on Egyptian territory to stay as long as the UN saw fit and to fight against the UAR troops, if necessary, to prevent them from moving up to the line in their own territory."

Edgar P. Young

police under oath

Jamaica, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: About "The Perjury Routine" [*The Nation*, May 8], Irving Younger asserts two universal propositions as self-evident: "*Every* lawyer who practices in the criminal courts knows that police perjury is *commonplace*," and "policemen are committing perjury at least in some [series of cases], and perhaps in *nearly all* of them." William James once said that many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices. In 1965, there were 265,750 police officers in cities and suburban areas of the United States, 27,000 in New York City. What is self-evident is that by no means all or nearly all of these policemen ever testify at all in court, and further that 95 per cent of all serious criminal cases are disposed of by pleas of guilty with no testimony by anyone in court. As to the veracity of police testimony in the remaining 5 per cent of the cases, Mr. Younger's reputed experience based upon a few years of practice as defense lawyer and as law teacher is flatly contrary to much greater experience of myself and my associates in the same fields. Since none has surveyed the legal profession on this point, how can anyone reliably assert that "*every* lawyer knows" that something either is or is not "commonplace"?

If the asserted propositions are not true, then they constitute group libel per se on an occupational basis that is all the more pernicious because it slanders hundreds of thousands. They illustrate the false syllogism or *non sequitur* at the smoldering base of all group prejudice—inferring a general rule from a few observations. . . .

Thomas J. Mackell, District Attorney, Queens County

wrong William

Princeton, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: A friend of mine told me that he didn't understand what I'd said about William Golding [in "The Gentle Desperadoes, *The Nation*, June 19]. I looked, and neither did I. Because I'd written William Gold*man*. . . . Of course your author is better than my author. But all that glitters is not Golding, and the novelist whom Princeton freshmen read is now Goldman.

Lawrence Lipking

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Death of the Heart

WHEN SHE WAS GOOD. *By Philip Roth. Random House. 306 pp. $5.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

> It was some months after the funeral, during one of those cold, fresh, wet springs such as they have in the middle of America, that the letters from the prison began to come directly to the house.

When she was good she was horrid. Lucy Nelson's righteous wrath drove her father out of his family into prison, pushed her own mind over the edge of sanity and herself into the grave. But the slight swell of rhetoric—"such as they have in the middle of America"—in this last paragraph of Philip Roth's sad, lovely novel tells us what it's all about. The middle of America—that flat, flat land, so fertile for crops, so arid for humans; all those square states. The middle of America—where right is might and families pray together to stay together.

> Liberty Center was a town of small white houses shaded by big elms and maples, with a bandstand in the middle of Broadway, its main street.

The middle of America—middle brow, middle class, middling—where well-meaning people can inflict upon one another exotic varieties of pain. These interstices of American life are not just backgrounds against which Roth's characters strut their stuff. The middle of America—a region of mind and heart as well, the vital center—is a fate which shapes their ends.

Lucy Nelson was a happy child, but happiness could not hold roots in the played-out soil of her family. She and her parents lived in with "Daddy Will" and Berta, her grandparents, because Myra, her mother, was ever *her* daddy's little girl; because Duane ("Whitey"), her father, was ever trying to turn over a new leaf; because times were tough: "Whitey took the Great Depression very personally." Lucy was quick to spy out the cynical patronizing beneath grandpa Willard's beneficence and discover the willful spinelessness of her parents. So she tried to free herself from this quiet desperation by flinging herself into Catholicism. But that didn't work; Lucy could not be born anew so she set out to redeem others. When her father came home drunk one night and mistreated her mother, Lucy called Saint Teresa, but when there was no reply she phoned the Liberty Center Police and had him locked up.

The boy that she marries, Roy Bassart, had his own ideal vision of American life. Back from a two-year army hitch in the Aleutians, Roy—a happy, dangling man—passes months being pampered by his mother and arguing with his father over the course of his future. When he is not busy copying girls' profiles from match-book covers or eating Hydrox cookies, "one of his oldest passions," he watches high-school football practice. One day, just as the ball is snapped, Roy sees a faint white moon above the high school and has a moment of ecstatic fulfillment:

> For the hour of the day, for the time of his life, for this America where it is all peacefully and naturally happening, he feels an emotion at once so piercing and so buoyant it can only be described as love.

The rest of his life is a falling off from this moment when all seemed possible and all was a beautiful, boyish paradise. He is drawn to hard, resisting Lucy, overcomes her scruples ("Trust me"), but gets her pregnant—he had been too shy to buy prophylactics and "interruption" didn't work.

Roy's uncle Julian—a World War II hero; a postwar, local laundromat tycoon; a hard-mouthed child-man—tries his best to talk Roy out of marrying Lucy, but Roy wilts before the force of her righteousness and his own father's insistence that he do the right thing by her.

Each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way, Tolstoy said. The family of Lucy, Roy and young Edward Bassart is desperately unhappy but not, perhaps, so special. Theirs seems a common American anguish. They flail at one another's roles: she wants Roy to be a responsible, unadventurous provider; he wants to play his own way at being an adult or he won't play at all. She pressures him—"When are you going to grow up?"—and he cuts out, home again to the permissive father figure, Julian. Back again, home again, each time destroying a bit more. Each, cruelly, pathetically, uses Edward against the other, and the child begins to grow strange. Finally everything lets go in one of the most intense confrontation scenes in literature. Lucy demands her rights; Julian blocks her; Roy is frozen; Edward screams. The events may be writ large but the tensions that cause them are not unknown in other American families.

Roth's characters are not "interesting" in the usual sense. They do not hang over balconies, drawn by the moon, nor do they write witty letters to the dead. They just try to live in the midst of this country and make a hell and a mess of their lives. They are unredeemed by special distinctions; their "ideas" are an agreed-upon myth of the world; their life patterns are unoriginal. Consequently, Roth does not stunt and strut his rhetoric; his style is suited to this tragedy of the mundane. Roy, for example, playing with the idea of becoming a "professional artist":

> He realized it was no easy row to hoe, but maybe the time had come in life for him to tackle something hard instead of settling for the easiest thing at hand.

That sentence doesn't soar and sing but it does its work; those four or five strung-together clichés do capture the quality of Roy's mind, boxed in banality. If Roth's style doesn't bedazzle, it also doesn't cry "Author, Author!" His prose is a clear window through which we see how some people lived in this time and this place.

The family is both the idea and institution which destroys people's lives. It is a norm to which everyone pays rhetorical obeisance, as does Roy when he will say anything to keep Lucy soothed:

> After all, the family was the backbone of society. Take away the family, and what do you have? People just running around, that's all. Total anarchy.

But the family is not something which very often works. Still, because other alternatives are impoverished, people continue to seek fulfillment in family patterns. Roy is a boy who would be good enough if left alone but he accepts the version of maturity—husband and father—given to him by his own foursquare father. Lucy rebounds from

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an unhappy family to become a wife and mother out of vengeance. "She would not repeat her mother's life, nor would her offspring repeat her own." She doesn't; *her* family turns out far worse. One generation is into another's skin; children recoil and stumble into marriage. Everyone comes from a divided house and helps create his own broken home.

The family is the destructive element because it violates the integrity of individuality. An incident early in the novel makes this clear. Willard brings his demented younger sister, Ginny, away from a "home," to Liberty Center. For a while this works. Ginny trails happily after young Lucy who "teaches" this simple woman in her 30s. But when Lucy goes off to school Ginny tags after and moans, "Lu-cy, Lu-cy," all day outside the window. Finally Willard brings Ginny back to the "home,"

> because she could not understand the most basic fact of human life, the fact that I am me and you are you.

Ginny cannot control herself so she is put away. But her affliction is common to others. Family life provides a context in which one can extend himself by controlling others while another can escape the freedom of self by surrendering his will. Roy sometimes finds safety in Lucy ("She was so strong, so good") but she cannot accept him as he is; he must be molded, redeemed. She wants him to be the man her father was not, but not so much a man that he will control her, a delicate balance Roy cannot maintain. He, like her father, refuses the grace that Lucy offers:

> They simply will not change! All they will do is get worse and worse! Why were they against a mother and a child? Why were they against a beautiful life, and for an ugly one? Why did they fight her and mistreat her and deny her, when all she wanted was what was right!

This, then, is more than the story of Lucy Nelson's self-righteousness; sadly, to be right is the only way she has learned to *be* at all. Her goodness, no private obsession, is the harvest of our no longer virgin soil, in this novel a spiritual dust bowl. It is the result of efforts at personal salvation through family life. This is a novel about a corrupt community, not only a personal aberration. Lucy Nelson lives in the middle of America, in the heart of dark American life; this novel is about the death of that heart.

A few years ago Roth wrote about the fantastic nuttiness of life in this nation. "It stupefies, it sickens, it infuriates, and finally it is even a kind of embarrassment to one's own meager imagination." *When She Was Good* preserves Roth's sense of outrage over the ugly growths on native grounds, but the novel belies his claim that American writers lack the imagination to match and contain American reality. He has given artistic life to people who are afflicted by themselves and thus afflict others. Writing this novel must have been a saddening task—long gone are the fun and games of *Goodbye, Columbus*—but he did it beautifully. Philip Roth has written a novel which cuts to the heart of a place, a tight, right American girl and, finally, the reader; he has written a great book.

The Classroom Struggle

VOICES IN THE CLASSROOM: Public Schools and Public Attitudes. *By Peter Schrag. Beacon Press. 292 pp. Paper $2.25.*

VILLAGE SCHOOL DOWNTOWN: Politics and Education—A Boston Report. *By Peter Schrag. Beacon Press. 191 pp. $5.95.*

RACIAL ISOLATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. *Report of the United States Commission on Civil Rights. 2 Vols. U.S. Government Printing Office. Paper $1 each.*

IVOR KRAFT

Mr. Kraft is associate professor of Social Work at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Formerly, he was child development specialist with the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

All discussions of education and integration must begin with the citation of four key facts. Three-fourths of Negro Americans now live in the large urban centers. Of these urbanized Negroes, 80 per cent are compelled to live in ghettos. On every index of educational excellence and pupil achievement the segregated ghetto schools are grossly inferior to suburban schools. Finally, evidence shows that the situation is getting worse, not better: the ghettoization continues, the achievement gap widens.

What this means is that we have already taken the first giant steps toward building what will amount to a four-track system of education in American society. At the top, a small and exclusivistic private system; next, a public-private suburban network; below this, an inferior public (and partially parochial) stratum for the white poor, and at the bottom, a custodial public sector for the black ghetto poor. This is not, of course, an accidental stratification of our schools; it is a correct reflection of our class structure. At the top, the elite ruling class; next, the subruling, managerial and middle classes; at the bottom, the lower and under classes. When the boards and administrators speak of the "neighborhood school," it is this four-track system that is actually being referred to. A barrier of iron curtains is slowly descending among the various child populations now attending these stratified schools, and soon they will be even more rigidly isolated from one another than are the bosses, the secretaries and the charwomen in one of those big-city office buildings.

People who have trouble accepting this dire prediction should keep in mind that we have a large private and parochial school sector in this country. Nonpublic school enrollment is overwhelmingly white, and during the last decade it has grown enormously in our largest cities. In Philadelphia, for example, more than 60 per cent of the white elementary school population attends nonpublic schools. All across the country, children of top public school officials routinely attend nonpublic schools, as do about 40 per cent of the children of upper-income Negroes.

These facts, so essential to any analysis of the great educational debates of our day, are understood only by the more astute educators and critics. Among them is Peter Schrag, now perhaps the foremost of our newer educational journalists, whose articles in *The Nation*, *Saturday Review* and elsewhere are required reading for anyone who wants to know what is going on in the country's school systems.

Schrag's *Voices in the Classroom*, which first appeared two years ago, has now been reissued in paperback, and it can be recommended as a good journalistic account of American education in the early 1960s. Some of it is understandably dated; Schrag refers to a $20-billion annual expenditure for education, but the common figure now cited is closer to $40 billion. Also, Schrag, a reporter who knows how to hit hard and spit venom when the facts warrant, is not immune to the snow job that is typically mounted for transient journalists. He gushes over the schools of Jefferson County, Colo., and he is taken in by more than one useless scheme of compensatory education.

But Schrag has something that most

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educational journalists do not have: a racy style, and a scent for the charming anecdote. One that deserves to be a classic is the slum child's composition on "Kim, the Magic Ballerina," quoted in *Voices in the Classroom*:

> The Magic Ballerina danced and danced, and she danced her way to the witch, and she danced into the pot and was never seen again, and the witch lived happily ever after.

Pursuing many of the themes mentioned in his earlier volume, *Village School Downtown* is a case study in depth of the school system of Boston, a city whose "education faces the rear." The book is an often mordant exposé of a system dominated by conservative Irish Catholics, numbed by a stifling lower-middle-class mentality, fiercely dedicated to obsolescent practices, and so inbred and hypocritical that it will not even concede that it has a problem of racial isolation and inequality in its midst. Now and again Schrag drops a kind word about some of the teachers.

The Boston school people, like many educators—especially the big-city superintendents who dislike and fear the integration issue—are very good at pointing a sophisticated finger at solutions that must come from bailiwicks other than their own. Moral reform? Certainly, and it has to come from our spiritual and cultural leaders; not really a job for teachers. Housing? Of course, and the federal government must build homes to counter real estate discrimination, something that obviously cannot be done by school people. Jobs? Yes, indeed, and this is the responsibility of industrial leaders and government planners who must guarantee an expanding, dynamic labor market; educators cannot do a thing about it. So don't you see—these educators tell us while solemnly avowing their commitment to integrated education—that there is just nothing we as schoolmen can do to solve the problem? The inner city schools are going to remain black, but of course we will do our best to make them good. "Good but black," "compensatory education"—that is what we must strive for.

The educators certainly have a point in refusing to accept responsibility for the major repair of race relations in American society. No one can quarrel with the jobs-income-housing-politics attack, which does indeed go to the roots of the problem. But that does not get the schoolmen off the hook, and the report of the United States Commission on Civil Rights (CCR) tells us why.

Unlike the typical government document on education which is a crashing bore and as often as not out of date by the time it issues from the press, the two-volume study of the CCR, "Racial Isolation in the Public Schools," is a forceful, thoroughly documented analysis of the chief educational issue of our day. It deserves to rank with those famous annual reports issued by the state of Massachusetts when Horace Mann was secretary of the Board of Education, more than 100 years ago.

Marshaling scores of statistical tables and dozens of national surveys and studies, the CCR report shows how the inner-city school systems perpetuate themselves, how the cycle of inferiority inevitably breeds more inferiority, and how the school boards and admininstrators not only fail to put a brake to this process but actually conspire to accelerate it. The suburban schools at the same time spend more on education, attract the superior teachers, provide more attractive facilities, and because there is less competition for tax moneys in suburbia, the middle classes who flock to the suburbs can and will continue to improve education within a fiscal structure of lower tax rates.

Will the new federal expenditures, at current levels, redress the inequalities? No, says the report, because federal aid accounts for less than 8 per cent of all education expenditures, and at this rate it has not and will not bridge the gap between the poor inner cities and the wealthy suburbs. The suburban schools will continue to be superior in all respects: small classes, better teachers, more library books, easier access to specialists, better audio-visual equipment, more modern science labs, and the like.

The successes and failures of "compensatory education" in all-black systems have been debated by schoolmen over the past decade. The CCR reviewed eighty-five major compensatory education programs operative in 1965-66. On the basis of cold statistics (test and achievement scores) the conclusion is that they are almost totally ineffective. One of these was the much ballyhooed Higher Horizons in New York City, at one time purportedly reaching and uplifting 64,000 slum children. Former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Abraham Ribicoff, once visited a Higher Horizons school in Harlem and declared that he had just undergone "the greatest single experience I have had and the greatest single lesson I have learned." A few years later the entire Higher Horizons venture was quietly scrapped as uneconomical and unsuccessful.

One way of achieving racial balance in the schools is by busing children from crowded inner-city schools to often underused outlying facilities. A few cities have successful busing projects, but most oppose the idea bitterly. Schrag recounts the story of Boston's paranoid fear of busing, symbolized by the redoubtable Louise Day Hicks. The CCR report shows how administrators and school boards across the nation have deliberately distorted the busing issue, subtly urging the people to think of it as a violation of their rights.

The fact is that in the 1963-64 school year more than one-third of our children rode buses to get to school, and not for the purpose of integrating the races. Through the years we have wisely moved in the direction of large consolidated school districts—particularly in rural areas—and thus it is more economical and educationally sound to replace small, inferior schools with better endowed centralized institutions. (In 1965 Kansas had 1,500 school districts; today it has 349.)

Some systems have used busing to preserve segregation. In the years between 1955 and 1958, Cincinnati had no trouble with the busing concept. They regularly bused 750 Negro children who lived in a largely white part of town to a school 5½ miles away with a 98 per cent Negro enrollment. The explanation was a bit tortuous, but it all had to do in some unfathomable way with the principle of the neighborhood school.

The CCR report explains why the neighborhood school has become an outmoded concept. In the old days, when populations were smaller and more dispersed, it was common for a school to draw its clientele from varied class backgrounds over a large stretch of territory. There was some real mingling of children from professional and laboring classes, from rich homes and poor homes. In this sense a neighborhood had functional and democratic variety, a multi-class character within a largely working-class nation. But today we have

MARIANNE MOORE

"I look permanently alarmed, like a frog,"
says Marianne Moore thumbing through photographs;
and from a poem, her pet crow Pluto laughs:
"This is a goddess detained in river fog."

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

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highly homogenized pupil populations, drawn from quite small and rigidly applied geographical attendance areas. In some of those rabbit warren high-rise housing projects all of the children in a given classroom may actually live in the same block, literally not more than 100 yards from one another. Here we have the so-called "neighborhood school" with a vengeance.

In many cities, school attendance zones are carefully gerrymandered to preserve class and race distinctions. A Negro child may walk past a "districted" school attended by a 90 per cent white population in order to get to his 100 per cent Negro school. Site selection and school design are other ways of perpetuating racial imbalance. Of 371 new elementary schools opened during the past fifteen years in sixteen American cities, 84 per cent immediately served either a nearly all-Negro or nearly all-white clientele. Atlanta, a city which likes to tell the world that it does all in its power to achieve model race relations, deliberately designs and places its schools so that they will be rigidly segregated by race. There is only one school in Nashville which serves all twelve grades, and it was deliberately set up that way to prevent residents of a small Negro neighborhood from sending their children to nearby white schools. Houston has a carefully planned school-expansion program through 1970, guaranteeing that its new building will be racially homogeneous.

Some cities have built schools for Negroes no worse than those for whites, but many have not. Milwaukee built forty-four new schools between 1950 and 1965; two of them served neighborhoods where Negro attendance exceeded 50 per cent. How do they get away with it? By a variety of stratagems, such as packing classes (with or without doctoring statistics for the official record), converting basements and auditoriums to classrooms, double shifts, bringing in "temporary" or portable wooden structures, renting space in church basements or housing projects, or by adding wings to ancient structures.

Of all the suggested proposals for desegregating the large urban systems, the commission finds the "educational park" idea the most promising [see "The Educational Park" by John Barden, *The Nation*, April 20, 1964]. According to this scheme, as many as 5,000 to 30,000 students are brought together in one large complex of buildings and services—actually a city of learning. The Syracuse plan provides for closing the present thirty-one elementary schools and reassigning all children to four new educational plazas to be built on the city's outskirts. There is a plan for East Orange, N. J., where 69 per cent of the students are Negro, which stipulates that all 10,000 children from kindergarten through high school will attend facilities clustered on one large site. Albuquerque, N. M., with 76,000 students, is considering a scheme based on separate parks for the elementary and secondary grades, each newly constructed center to serve a maximum of 20,000 children.

On the basis of the CCR report, we can say categorically that we do not need more "research" to prove that—no matter what efforts are made in the name of quality—educational segregation by class, caste and color yields not upward mobility but a reinforced immobility. All we need to do is look honestly at 100 years of segregated schools and at the record of failure of contemporary efforts at compensation. We do not need a new educational philosophy. John Dewey gave us one with remarkable prescience more than a generation ago. We do not even lack resources—we have them, but they are being poured from the skies over Vietnam, $30 billion worth a year. As for the strategies of integration, take your pick: the CCR report suggests at least six that are bound to work if we want them to.

The successful implementation of all these strategies depends absolutely on the two chief recommendations of the CCR. The first is that "Congress should establish a uniform standard providing for the elimination of racial isolation in the schools," and the second is that Congress "should provide financial and technical assistance to the states" in carrying out the needed remedies. What this means in practice is making massive federal funds available to the states, and then allocating them only to schools which are racially balanced, often defined as containing a Negro enrollment of between 15 and 50 per cent, but not more. This in turn means forcing the states to redistrict, to mix suburban with inner-city children in common schools.

Is this fantastic? Does it imply a revolution in the delivery of one of our basic social services, public education? It probably does, but it is not thereby technically or politically unfeasible. It can be done. Schrag (who tends to hedge on the issue of integration versus compensation) would probably agree, since similar ideas are hinted at in the concluding sections of *Village School Downtown*.

Neither Schrag nor the CCR report (which likes the word "substantial") tells us how much we can expect all of this to cost. My own surmise is that it will require federal expenditures upward of $50 billion a year over the next twenty-five years. This amounts roughly to $1,000 annually for each child in school. If we do it, it will go down in history as the biggest benign bribe ever made by the federal government to the states. Nor is it in the realm of fantasy, when we consider that we are now approaching an annual gross national product of $1,000 billion.

The great merit of the CCR report is that it is based on a strict commitment to a democratic public school system for this nation. Most of us were brought up to believe in the public school as the chosen instrument of American democracy. There is room for this belief—if we are thinking of the remote past or the future. But with regard to the recent past and the present, the sad fact is that the public schools have been since the turn of the century, and remain to this day, largely a chosen instrument of big business and corporate liberalism. (And American capitalism has never distinguished itself by demanding a fair shake for Negroes.) The

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schools have never been chiefly concerned with evoking the free and critical intellect, sponsoring high culture, preserving our democratic ideals, or even achieving "life adjustment" for the young. Their chief mission has been to turn out docile servitors of a business-dominated society. This has meant the three Rs, conformist consumership, loyalty to local interests, and harmless amusements (especially sports).

But now there is thunder and lightning on the horizon. The demand for integration can shatter the mold. A genuine democratic ideal, and a tough one at that, is being thrust forth for implementation, and by surly advocates to boot. Hundreds of American school boards, dominated by conservative puppets of the power structure, just cannot cope with this. The solution requires real change, massive new resources and prolonged political strife. The demand for an end to racial and class isolation in the schools is no less than a demand for the rejuvenation of American democracy. It will not be achieved painlessly.

Cult of the Majority

THE LEVITTOWNERS. *By Herbert J. Gans. Pantheon Books. 474 pp. $7.95.*

ELMER BENDINER
Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of The Bowery Man *(Thomas Nelson).*

It has been eminently fashionable to scorn the Levittowns of America and to see in them a corruption of man and nature. Now sociologist and city planner, Herbert J. Gans, has written a voluminous study—*The Levittowners*—which lambastes such criticism as an aristocratic affectation.

Those who would conserve the countryside against the spread of shopping malls are denounced by Mr. Gans as more interested in trees than in people. Those who bewail the alleged cultural sterility of lower-middle-class suburbia are depicted as intellectual snobs who insist that America be made in their image. In short, he contends that the sniping at Levittown is part of a class war against the lower middle class and all its values.

Alarmed at the steady drumfire of anti-Levittown criticism, Gans moved into the New Jersey settlement at its inception and stayed there for two years as a "participant-observer" to investigate at first hand the life style of what had become anathema to his fellow intellectuals. Working under the sponsorship of the Institute for Urban Studies of the University of Pennsylvania, Gans lived the suburbanite life to the hilt. He cultivated his neighbors and conscientiously attended every meeting and *Kaffeeklatsch* that would admit him.

He supplemented his findings with questionnaires that provided him with hard data and impressive tables. These, however, do not greatly interfere with the book's readability.

Is life dull in Levittown? Only to "tourists" and "cosmopolitans," Gans replies. The inhabitants claim emphatically that it is not and Gans credits their views as most authoritative. Of course it may be said that a man who is paying a good deal of his hard-earned income for the first house he can call his own, and who is eager to be on good terms with his neighbors is unlikely to yawn and remark, "How dreadfully dull!"

Gans insists, however, that the Levittown life is precisely what the lower middle class wants and therefore ought to have. "Many working class city dwellers," he writes, "enjoy street life and urban eating or drinking places; upper middle class critics like crowds and cosmopolitanism. The lower middle class and the kinds of working class people who come to Levittown had no interest in either. Even previous urbanites had made little if any use of the cultural facilities valued by the cosmopolitan, and had no need of them in the suburb."

As an example of their lack of interest in institutions associated with the "vitality of the working class urbanite," the Levittowners voted to keep their community free of bars. To demonstrate their antipathy to cosmopolitan values they voted against attempts to expand their school's horizons beyond the severely practical. And they sided overwhelmingly with the builder's efforts to keep the community lily white, yielding only reluctantly after legal action had been taken.

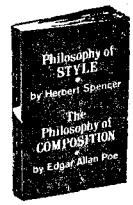
What they want, Gans reports, "is a kind of interpersonal vitality along with privacy and peace and quiet. Vicarious excitement is something else again. Television provides programmed and highly predictable excitement but it can get boring. A fire or accident, a fight at a municipal or school board meeting, and marital strife or minor misbehavior among neighbors involve real people and known ones. The excitement they provide is also vicarious but it is not programmed and is therefore more rewarding."

Add to this tattle-tale gray Peyton Place a large admixture of "the Puritan ethic," as Gans describes the Levittown atmosphere, and you have as dreary a picture as any drawn by the most cosmopolitan of critics.

Life in Levittown, and probably anywhere else in the nation, becomes a "constant search for compatible people and a rejection of those who are different," Gans says. Although Jews, Catholics, Protestants, working-class, middle-class and occasionally upper-middle-class people live next door to one another, "propinquity" does not lead to integration. Each seeks his own kind, Gans reports, and sets about the business of excluding others. The "others" in Levittown are most frequently "cosmopolitans," upper-middle-class Jews or both. (The coupling of Jews and cosmopolitans is reminiscent and not reassuring.)

Gans has scant sympathy for these

Michael Goldman, Poetry Editor, will be on leave until September 15. During that time no poetry will be considered for publication; we shall welcome submissions again in the early fall.



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"rejects" in Levittown. When he was there they campaigned for causes which he found laudable, but "their dedicated activism confounded the decision-makers" who were not accustomed to popular "feed-back" between elections, and "it was easy to think of them as malcontents and agitators."

He credits them with a value as gadflies but at the same time condemns them because "they could not see that what they considered the public interest was often only an impersonal but nevertheless upper-middle class (and therefore self-) interest."

He would have had them distinguish between demands that reflect their own class interests and the lower-middle-class needs of their neighbors. He suggests forlornly that their emphasis on principle would have defeated any real coalition, even in areas of prime interest to the community as a whole. "The class differences were just too great to be hurdled even for political advantage," he concludes.

The Levittowners is a thoroughgoing sociological study, but for the lay reader, who is likely to be a hapless "cosmopolitan" critic of Levittown, the book raises a number of disturbing questions.

For example, which is the more intolerable snob—the one who complains of "rural idiocy" or the one who says that those who live such lives are in fact rural idiots and would be happy in no other condition? In a democracy, Gans argues, the majority in any community ought to dictate the way of life. But is every fight for an expanded school program, better libraries, greater freedom of thought, or a political house cleaning to be considered an effort to impose values of an alien class because it runs against the grain of the entrenched and tyrannical majority?

So rigid a view of class values and so mechanical a definition of democracy, it seems to this reviewer, leads only to a deadly quietism.

If Gans were arguing only against the tactics of "cosmopolitan" reformers and radicals, he could, no doubt, make an eloquent analysis. But he goes much further and, despite a grudging admission of the stimulation that comes with any irritant, the implication given the reader is that such people should accept the standards of the community in which they live or go back where they came from.

In this tidy view of democracy the rebel gets short shrift. And Gans espouses a cult of the majority that can be as absurd and as deadly as the infamous cult of the individual.

Mind-Expanding Verbs

A WORLD ELSEWHERE: The Place of Style in American Literature. *By Richard Poirier. Oxford University Press. 257 pp. $5.75.*

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

Mr. Trachtenberg teaches American literature at Pennsylvania State University.

In *A World Elsewhere,* Richard Poirier sets out to rewrite the criticism of major American literature. He argues that our best books are interesting and vital for certain moments contained in specific sentences and paragraphs, rather than for the imitation of reality in entire works. The moments he chooses to celebrate by a brilliant verbal analysis are when the hero experiences a profound sense of release from confinement and authority. Poirier calls this experience an expansion of self. It is expressed in verbal style, not in dramatic action.

Works by Hawthorne, Henry James, Mark Twain and William Faulkner which we usually read as fictional accounts of heroes in fictional versions of the real world, Poirier now would have us read as verbal struggles by both author and hero to escape the historical world altogether, to expand the self infinitely into vacant space. At best the escape can be momentary, and heroes, writers and readers alike must return to a diminished sense of self; out of this conflict comes the unique quality of American romantic literature: "a sustained and acknowledged tension between the writer's commitment to visionary possibilities and his obligations to certain conventions of expression that tend to frustrate these possibilities."

This argument is difficult and elusive, and it may help for the moment to distinguish its leading ideas from its method. Poirier's method is based on a radical shift in what we consider "real" about literary works. In much recent criticism the work appears as a set of signals which register in the reader's mind and click off associations—archetypic, mythic, political, literary or generally cultural. Poirier wants us to curb our attention to the signals themselves, the isolated images and symbols, and respond instead to the way they are presented in the text—in particular, to the tone and presence of a speaking voice. What he means by style is the more or less tangible presence generated by grammar and syntax, the ambience of personality which inhabits the language. Let us not extract images and ideas, he argues, but experience them as functions of this verbal entity, style.

One of the best and most useful achievements of the book is the distinction, implied throughout, between metaphor and style, between what a reader recognizes in his mind, what he takes out and paraphrases in his own terms, measures and evaluates, and what he experiences, almost kinetically. Poirier reads fiction as a verbal drama rather than as a pattern of translatable meanings.

Taken as a sheer exercise in reading, the book demonstrates a kind of negative capability, a hushed receptivity to tonalities and modulations of the voice in the words.

In the practice of his method Poirier gives new and fresh readings to many familiar passages in American books. But as he moves from method to conception, the drift of his bias begins to appear. By reading like detectives looking for clues, he feels, we have "pacified" the "marvelous and eccentric vitality of American writing." True enough. But he continues: "By being historical about American literature, we have often missed the history which is particular novels, poems, or essays, the history lurking in their stylistic and formal characteristics." The key expression is "the history which *is*. . . ." It becomes clear that Poirier does not want to work out a relationship between style and history as we normally understand the term but to replace history *with* style, to complete in criticism what he takes to be the most significant drift in the literature itself.

The page-by-page argument is that the historical nature of American works lies in their stylistic activities, and not in the reality reflected in the action. If style is a struggle to bring into existence a certain presence, the struggle in American works is first to detach the reader from traditional styles, from inherited verbal patterns, and thus to free him to share the hero's expansion of self. The expansion in writers like Emerson, Thoreau and Faulkner is so radically new that it requires a dislocation of conventional literary language. This dislocation (and Poirier devotes most of his book to analyses of specific passages which exemplify it) serves the writer in his relationship both to his reader and his hero. To communicate his moments of transcendent freedom he needs to transport his reader from any conventional idea of literary reality. Likewise, the hero requires an unconventional language in order to give birth to his un-

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conventional visionary consciousness of freedom. In Poirier's version of the relations between literature and history, literary conventions (such matters, in fiction, as the need for realistic dialogue) are verbal barriers to the expression of freedom, and correspond roughly to social and political conventions.

Another way to put this complicated idea is that American writers, unable to imagine real alternatives in action to their hero's (or their own) unhappy relations with society, have invented verbal forms which project momentary illusions of freedom. These forms tell the reader that the freedom is momentary and illusive, and thus they protect the free consciousness from the mistake of our believing it is real and competitive in a scale of values with other moments. To be truly free the moment must be unreal. Think of Huck and Jim, naked, on their raft. We can accept the image only because it is presented as a fundamentally impossible idyll. If the writer had presented the moment as something which could actually happen, he would have to contend with his reader's normal social judgments about whether it is likely or not. By presenting it as an essentially verbal experience, he frees the moment from judgment, transports us stylistically, and confirms its temporary reality by conceding its ultimate unreality.

To make style an escape from society, a substitute for history, Poirier invites his readers at the outset to accept the premise that freedom is the creation of consciousness, not political institutions. His source is Hegel, and his intention is to prove that literature "makes free" through its style, not through figurative versions of a social reality through which the reader might better understand his own nonliterary reality. My disagreements with the argument begin at the outset, for as I read Hegel, he hardly meant to detach the mind from history. Freedom for the philosopher developed in a process of conscious interaction with necessity. To claim that Hegel proposed that freedom consists in the displacement of external reality by imagined alternative forms seems a complete misconstruction. Poirier's stylistic emancipations have little in common with the Hegel of whom J. N. Findlay writes: "True freedom, he came more and more to think, can be found only in the laws and usages of some concrete community, in which the individual can 'find himself.' "

The utopian, anti-historical imagination in American literature has been described before, but rarely with such sweeping assertion of its centrality, its defiant role in shaping specific literary works. Poirier's final description of the works he finds most valuable is "extravagances of yearning that create the object they yearn for." In an important sense this description fits all works of literature that have an aesthetic wholeness: the emotion they create is self-sustaining. But the historical nature of aesthetic experiences cannot be dismissed out of hand. All literature, all art, by its nature, creates a "world elsewhere." But before this world is called "freedom" or consciousness, its strings of attachment with the other world of power and time need to be more carefully identified. Keats concluded with a question: "do I wake or sleep?" Poirier concludes with too much certainty that to sleep and dream *is* to wake.

The Gaze Behind the Lens

ACQUAINTANCES. *By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. 312 pp. $7.50.*

VARIETY OF MEN. *By C. P. Snow. Charles Scribner's Sons. 270 pp. $5.95.*

CALVIN BEDIENT
Mr. Bedient teaches literature at Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.

Almost all the subjects of *Acquaintances* are dead, but even if they were still alive, still vulnerable, how easily they could breathe as they took up this new book. For Arnold Toynbee's heart is a haven. Secrets, vices, open sores are safe with him, and as for malice, or penetration too deep for kindness, or the garlic breath of vulgar intimacy—from these his acquaintances are spared. Above all, they are respected, and this in our day is a mercy. Toynbee's emotion is so generous, his manners are so impeccable, that a portrait from his hands is as good as an absolution. Ever so gently, his mind blesses.

Yet which of his many subjects, I wonder, would be fond of his portrait? Itself destined for the attic, it would bring to mind old faded frontispiece photographs, all ghostly blue or humus brown. "Is that *my* face?" each would ask, looking into Toynbee's mirror. For none would have thought that his presence was so pale. The human craving to be watched, delighted in, weighed, preferred, would find little to feed on; for Toynbee's sense of human beings, if mild as moonlight, is also as dim, and here even his closest friends often dissolve into their careers, or into moments of modern history, or into incidents of Toynbee's life—into everything that is not quite themselves. Toynbee's mind is so saturated with "international affairs," his penchant is so obviously (as he says) for the tree of history instead of the "single leaves," that, as one reads this book, the title soon begins to provoke one's sense of irony—it is as if the galaxies have been mistaken for the lights of a town. How much better even hatred would be than Toynbee's bland and impersonal underwriting of one's existence. For, hated, one would at least be *there*, vivid, felt, individual, and not simply a glimpsed passenger on the great, crowded train of history.

Even as a book on Toynbee's own career, on history, human nature, life in general, *Acquaintances* draws a blank. It has no sparkle, no poetry, no profundity. It is all a dry rustling of disquisition and reminiscence. Though Toynbee's intellect is prodigious, an elephant among minds, it displays the usual defects of massive size: it plods, it comes down ponderously on platitudes. Of Nehru the author writes: "When Fate overthrows, in the end, a man of more than ordinary spiritual stature, Fate is teaching us all a lesson and is calling us all to heel." Despite the formality of syntax and tone, the interlarded ornateness, Toynbee's work has always been marked by a kind of childlike simplicity, an almost indulgent, cultivated naïveté, a sweetness of reason that is a little self-savoring; and in *Acquaintances* Toynbee becomes sweeter and plainer than ever.

How admirably restrained he is. Yet how innocuous, how determinedly civilized, how preciously grateful, generous, forbearing and good willed. Candor, the truth that cuts—these have not tempted him; yet candor has its civilized uses, and Toynbee might have learned from Shaw—whose ethics and metaphysics are so similar—that saintliness and sharpness are not incompatible.

What keeps human reality out of *Acquaintances* is not only Toynbee's finicky discretion and blindness to presence and preoccupation with the minutiae of history; there is also, at the bottom of this book, insufficient schooling in the disguises, transmutations, and ambitions of the ego. Intellectually, Toynbee subscribes to original sin; but his eyes tend to exclude the dark. He is, precisely, Victorian in his sentimental

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suppression of the flagrant, clamoring, animal insistence of the self. Selflessness is merely a hiatus in being; Toynbee does not recognize its rarity. Of a work by Prof. W. L. Westermann, Toynbee says: "He did not live . . . to see it published, but what of that? A scholar writes, not for himself, but for his readers." Too eager, too consoling, this dismissal of the self echoes through *Acquaintances,* calling attention to hollow spaces within it.

By contrast, C. P. Snow, in *Variety of Men,* takes us into the inner corridors of power. A hard presence and beak of a man, rapping out both sympathy and disapproval in the same sharp tones, Snow is equally at his ease with great scientists (Rutherford, G. H. Hardy, Einstein), littérateurs (Robert Frost, H. G. Wells), and politicians (Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Dag Hammarskjöld and Stalin), all of whom except the last he has personally known. Snow moves among this gathering coolly, not as a cat that looks at kings but as a great cat among great cats. The glare of will, independence, genius and confidence that this group sheds is almost overpowering, but Snow holds up no tinted glass against it. With only mild reservations, he accepts the ego as one accepts a natural force, a geyser or a flood. The book presents personal power as spectacle; it is an aesthetic record of genius and will.

The title, *Variety of Men,* misleads and is a little inflated in that variety has not been sought; it merely comes as it will, and there is not much of it: the great tend to repeat one another, like a spread of stars—all are egos endeavoring to make themselves equal to the universe. Here the polemicist of *The Two Cultures* has wisely effaced himself; the book carries no sermons. On the other hand, *Variety of Men* lacks vision, it is not all of a piece but only a collection, a photo album of the great; nor does it move beyond personalities to human nature. Not even Snow holds the book together: though he makes judgments, states regrets, praises, is shrewd and analytical, lively and direct, he never quite comes into focus; we look over his shoulder, we listen to his voice.

Snow wrote the book, he says, "for fun." A "set of personal impressions," it is "modest in intention." Fair enough; all that was then necessary was that the book should be engrossing. And it is: *Variety of Men* is a delight to read. Though almost certainly more than an interest in "the variety of human beings" lies behind it, though a fascination with greatness and power seems to have fired it, it succeeds simply because it is vivid: it communicates energy; it contains reality. Here is an observer of men. Snow's eye has a kind of laboratory clarity, his sense of his subject is concentrated, his ear serves him well. Sitting for Snow, you would feel the heat of the lights, the intent gaze behind the lens.

Here, too, is an artist. Without raising his voice—which is tough, straightforward, vigorous — Snow can draw tears, as in the pieces on Frost and Rutherford. Though he seems rather brittle, his humanity is deep. He is very much his own man, but not cold. Intelligence, knowledge of the world, sensory vitality—the book has all these; but perhaps its real brilliance lies in its spirit, its attack. If these "impressions" lack formal beauty and move unpredictably, still they snap and clip along, and have their impact. One scarcely notices or cares that there are no pockets of silence, that the book lacks serenity and scope. It bears one along on its wave. A series of sharp impressions and forceful judgments, it is percussive. And this is the right spirit in which to record impressions — this swift, free-handed sketching of lines, unconscious, spontaneous. *Variety of Men* is alive.

THEATRE IN EUROPE III

HAROLD CLURMAN

Prague

All I knew of this beautiful city as I entered it was that here in 1787, at a theatre still in use, Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was first performed; that it had been the capital of an honorable democracy, betrayed at Munich by Chamberlain and Daladier and taken over by the Communists in 1948. I knew it had given evidence of its resistant spirit during the Nazi occupation and that it contained the oldest remaining Jewish cemetery and synagogue in Europe, part of a ghetto where in the 16th century the legend of the Golem (a giant robot fashioned by the chief rabbi to combat murderous anti-Semites) had originated. I had also seen several interesting Czech films and plays. In short, I knew very little about Prague or its people.

It was through its theatre that I came to know more. This statement may be taken as "symbolic." For I have often repeated a thesis central to my "ideology": a theatre may serve as a key to understanding a nation's character.

First a few facts. Prague, with a population of a little more than a million, has sixteen theatre groups, all of them nationally or locally subsidized and all of them repertory companies. Apart from the opera houses and musical theatres (the National Theatre offers drama as well as opera), and aside from "standard" pieces by Shakespeare, Lope de Vega, Schiller, de Musset, Machiavelli, Goldoni, Capek and Langer, one could see last May Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *The Night of the Iguana,* Miller's *After the Fall,* Ionesco's *The Chairs,* Giraudoux's *Madwoman of Chaillot,* Schisgal's *Luv,* Romain Rolland's *Game of Love and Death,* Dürrenmatt's latest play, *Meteor,* Camus' *The Righteous,* and a show dealing with the assassination of John Kennedy entitled *Dallas.*

One of the recently formed companies, calling itself the Gate Theatre, uses a house seating 400, and operates on a yearly budget of $120,000, supplemented by the government with another $60,000. Its most expensive ticket is $1.10. I paid $1.50 for an orchestra seat at Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba* in a larger house.

The younger companies interested me the most, though the older ones probably command better actors. I began with a version of Jarry's *King Ubu* at the already famous Theatre on the Balustrade (founded in 1958) in what appeared to be an obscure square of the "Old City." The production was a revelation and typical of present-day Czech theatre work.

The stage, like the auditorium, is tiny: no larger than those of our most modest Off-Broadway houses. But the company, under its brilliant director Jan Grossman (who also directed his own dramatization of Kafka's *The Trial*), was able to achieve an astonishing variety of movement within the extremely restricted area of the stage space. The set seemed to consist of little more than a shabby brass bed, which could be taken apart and converted into a series of steps, ladders and other contraptions to be used in many different arrangements, and creating "platforms" on which the actors danced, marched, leaped over, under and around in fantastic comedy routines. All this effected, not only without the slightest awkwardness but with utter freedom.

The actors served as stagehands, the

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stagehands as actors. At one moment one of the "grips" not only removed the props and furniture but also carried the leading lady off-stage. Were the actors trained for drama or for the circus! They all seemed to have developed acrobatic skills, an attribute I discovered to be common to the younger companies. One might have supposed that they had all been students of Graham, Robbins or Balanchine.

As played here, *Ubu* is a mockery of rule by dictatorship, a display of jubilant anarchy. Cast in the role of Papa Ubu was an actor who looked like the young Orson Welles with the avoirdupois of the present Falstaffian Welles. Despite his obesity, he was as agile as the slimmest of dancers, and much funnier than Arbuckle. (In *The Trial* he plays a minor role which he makes memorable through a series of sadistic sleight of hand tricks with a cigarette butt.) One can never tell at these performances who the leading actors are and who the bit players. Most of them alternate from central roles to subsidiary ones.

Improprieties are performed with deft delicacy: a man kisses a girl while buttoning his fly, another asserts his sportiness by pulling himself into a towering position by hiking his crotch. Garbage pails become crowns. The satire is defiantly gay; all the wild business of *King Ubu* is performed with exquisite precision. The audience roars its appreciation and does not leave the theatre till the stage manager decides to turn on the house lights.

I dwell on this production because it is characteristic. At another of the new companies, the Dramatic Club, I attended a scenic jape taking place, for the most part, at a discotheque. It showed young folk (not hipsters) in jocose rebellion against the working class as conceived before the "thaw" as well as the bureaucracy. The play (of untranslatable title and spare in structure) galloped from one set of mischievous dialogues to another, all of them marked by happy disrespect for authority. (One of the boys yells at a government employee, "Make up your mind!" to which the exasperated response is, "With us nobody makes up his mind." Laughter and applause from the audience.) Such pranks and fancy-free improvisations are referred to here as "happenings."

The stage at the Dramatic Club is even tinier than the one at the Balustrade. (I visited backstage where there was hardly enough room for four people to stand comfortably. The rather large company was packed into two or

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THE DISTANCE

The field of vision takes my eyes
far, far out,
a forest of nerves
hangs on to them,
the tail
of a comet

LENNART BRUCE

three dressing rooms, gaily perspiring.) But once again the actors, all recently out of a dramatic academy, virtually an obligatory preparation for the profession, are thoroughly schooled, capable of singing, dancing and performing extremely difficult and entertaining turns. (There are scenes in *The Trial,* on the whole a somber production, in which one wonders if one has not entered a gymnasium where the entire cast—both women and men—carry on like high-wire or trapeze artists preparing for an Olympiad.)

At the same Dramatic Club I attended the opening night of Gogol's *Inspector General* done with an *élan,* a freshness of humor, and an extravagance of characterization which were a joy to behold. Again one was amazed that so tiny a platform could contain so much spacious movement: talk about turning on a dime! The false inspector (Chlestakov) was played by the willowy Vladimir Pucholt, the scamp in *Loves of a Blonde.* He looks no more than 22. During the curtain calls (the only things on these occasions which are insufficiently rehearsed) in celebration of the first night a sparse "bouquet" of lilacs was handed him, while the leading lady was regaled with several roses, and a single flower honored the actor who played the Mayor. The cast looked like a collection of thoroughly thrilled college kids.

The program of plays at the Gate Theatre is more sober. The designer, Swoboda, one of the most original talents in all Europe, does most of the sets at this establishment as he appears to do throughout the town. The first production I saw there was a one-act play, *Cat on the Rails,* by a young Czech dramatist, Josef Topol. The play consists for the most part of a long duologue between a truck driver and his girl friend, both nearing 30. The tone of the play is one of lyric pessimism, with flashes of ironic humor.

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The two characters, full of animal vitality, are physically passionate. Yet the man, unwilling to settle down and marry, is obsessed by a recurring sense of futility. He is youth without purpose or objective. He appears incapable of progress beyond spasms of desire. He tortures himself and the girl whom he adores, and she does him. They are both locked in a cave of carnal intimacy without issue. Their destiny is mutual self-destruction.

The writing is colorful, nervous and charming, romantically glowing and desperate. By itself this might not save the play from becoming static, though its audience is clearly fascinated by its verve and emotional tumult. The acting sustains the evening by being staged in constant motion, the two players using their bodies with the grace of ballet dancers and the vigor of athletes. The direction is choreography.

Preceding *Cat on the Rails* was a pantomime by the Belgian, Michel de Ghelderode, called *The Masks of Ostend* —macabre, frenetic and of a flaming hue, in a style reminiscent of James Ensor's painting. The entire acting corps of the theatre takes part in this phantasmagoria, all but the central figure masked, wearing costumes that are prettily grotesque.

The general import of this piece is the bedevilment of man, his inescapable frustration and defeat. A musical motif which is frantically giddy, harbinger of doom, punctuates the piece like a thread of hell-fire. This theme recurs at intervals in *Cat on the Rails* and serves as a sort of signature to the evening. Swoboda's settings for both pantomime and play are contrasts of light and darkness, with electrical effects in an ominous dazzle. In both pieces the surface is sprightly and glamorous, but one hears a note of warning which indicates that all is not serene in the effervescence of Prague. No such evening is conceivable in the Soviet theatre.

I have emphasized the strong accent on physical movement in all these productions. One wonders if the influence of the once discredited, now "re-established" Russian director, Meyerhold, who used actors as kinetic instruments, was not at play here. The surmise takes on definition when one sees *The Three Sisters* at the Gate, where the artistic director, also an actor, is Otomar Krejca.

Chekhov's characters are transfigured into extroverts. Mascha's infatuation with Vershinin is made entirely overt. He lifts her into his arms and carries her about as if she were a light-of-love. Her displeasure with her husband is unabashed. He himself is made petty as well as stupid. The atmosphere of the Prozoroff home sparkles; the girls are stylishly dressed. The furniture looks new, expensive and French. The thick light-gray carpet, which is never removed even in the outdoor scene, adds to a sense of opulence.

Russian visitors disapprove of this interpretation and I must confess to finding myself in the same case. If I were to guess at its intention I should say the director means to reveal Chekhov in a world without shadows, his play a tragicomedy in which the characters struggle and suffer despite their apparent well-being and material comfort.

At still another theatre I saw a well-designed production—all gleaming white statuary—of Dürrenmatt's *Romulus the Great,* which supposes that the last Roman emperor was devoid of any wish to rule or to preserve his realm. He welcomes the conquering barbarians with undisguised relief. Though neither the play nor the production is especially brillant, the audience responded to it with a peculiar sympathy.

The sum of what I experienced at these events, apart from sheer sensory enjoyment in the exuberance of the performances, gave me an insight into the Czech state of mind. Though they are said to be more solemn than the blithe, wine-drinking rather than beer-drinking Slovaks (who have their own excellent repertory companies), I discerned in the Czechs a deep and abiding vein of skepticism. They are not readily taken in by slogans. Where there is not some sly doubt about what is being imposed on them, there is an actual resistance, at times a kind of smirking sadness.

Remember, this is the land of Schweik, the soldier whose vociferous jingoism is a mask covering complete disaffection with the patriotic shibboleths he is forever mouthing. Remember, too, that Prague was the birthplace of Kafka, whose bleak world is pierced by shrieks of derisive laughter. "Socialist realism" does not rule the roost in Bohemia. An unequivocally social play like Havel's *The Memorandum* is a caricature of officialdom and the gobbledygook of trumped-up efficiency. Present-day circumstances, a prominent Czech artist told me, have made a realist of Kafka.

Almost every one of the plays I saw sounded a note of refusal, of hooting escape from an iron hand. The people may be in a bind, but their spirit is animated by something independent and distrustful of overlords. Czechoslovakia has known too many foreign masters ever to put its faith entirely in any external force.

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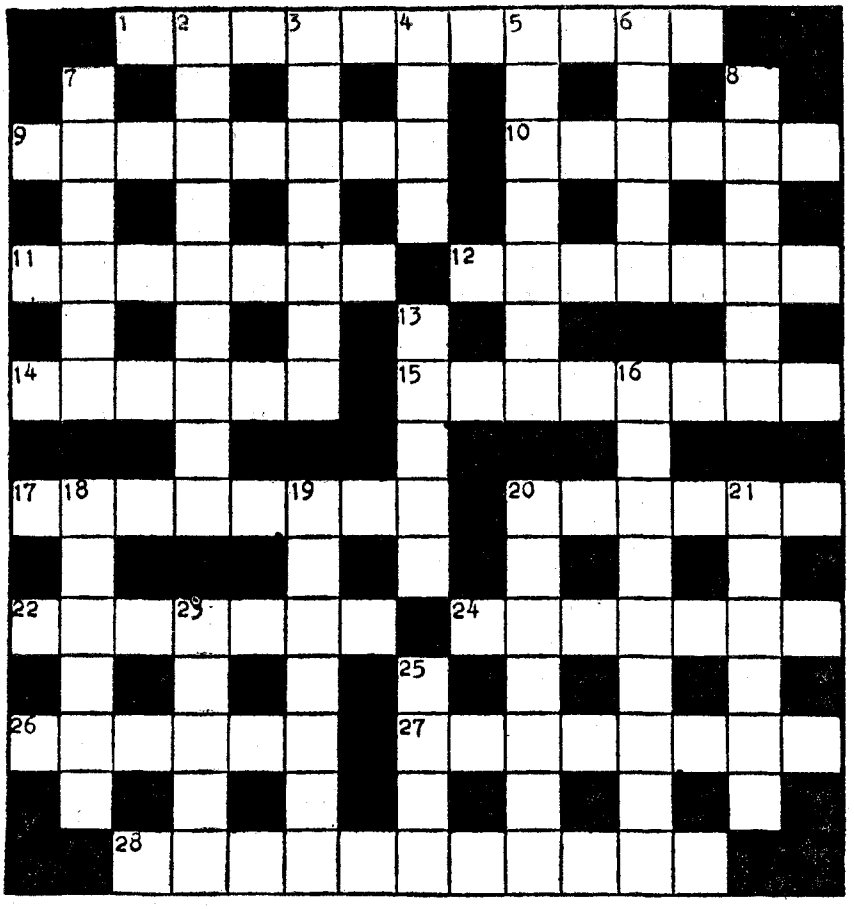
Crossword Puzzle No. 1209

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 25 down Stroll deliberately? Only when first open. (11, 4)
9 Ran off when about to deride the worn-out condition. (8)
10 What one might be doing with pi, by the sound of it, necessitating a graduate and a ruler. (6)
11 Die in a short time with freedom from pain. (7)
12 Moves hectically through various professional fields. (7)
14 Jerks in British films? (6)
15 Space for the rest of the family? (8)
17 But his underlings are only issued steel helmets. (5, 3)
20 The bill for one is rather strange, since it certainly isn't a blow-out. (6)
22 An old picture, but the foil could be aluminum or this. (7)
24 Minus a couple of zeros, it could become inauspicious. (7)
26 What slide pictures do is self-evident.
27 Means for determining how often players get hit? (8)
28 Richard I might be one of two, when 5 down. (5, 6)

DOWN:

2 They had some reservations about Idaho and Washington. (3, 6)
3 Listens with difficulty for what the joiner does. (7)
4 Is Fundy so exceptionally neat? (4)
5 Where the bulletins are placed for the passengers' location. (2, 5)
6 What once was well turned may not now make you feel so well, turned. (5)
7 Future writer, otherwise good. (6)
8 Where Belfast is an old compliment for 6. (6)
13 Lesson sounds like a synonym; this sounds like a trap. (5)
16 German town musician whose real name was Eberscht. (9)
18 Lifts up and tears down, it might seem. (6)
19 Livery? (7)
20 Literarily, it's certainly not remembered for its first nights! (7)
21 Accustomed to getting ruined? (6)
23 Certainly doesn't suggest it won't be material! (5)
25 See 1 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1208

ACROSS: 1 Lines of credit; 10 Homer; 11 Sensitive; 12 Fairyland; 13 Still; 14 Bill of health; 19 Long distance; 22 Wrong; 24 Seconding; 25 Rendition; 26 Rouse; 27 Safety matches. DOWN: 2 Iambic; 3 Early bird; 4 Obstacles; 5 Caned; 6 Exits; 7 Initials; 8 Shift; 9 Healthy; 15 Franconia; 16 Eccentric; 17 Flowers; 18 Insomnia; 20 Figure; 21 Egged; 23 Guide; 24 Spiny.

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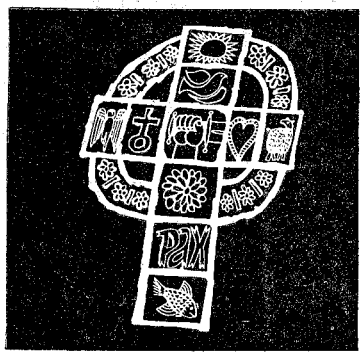

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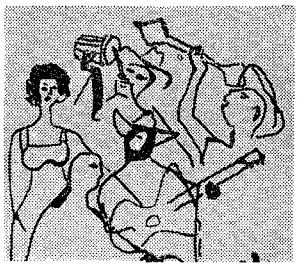

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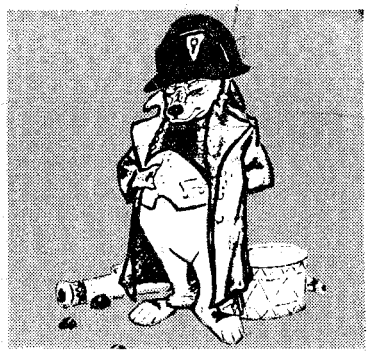

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